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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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ATHENA DESCENDING MT. OLYMPUS

From an illustration by N. C. Wyeth for George H. Palmer's translation of Homer's "Odyssey" (Houghton Mifflin).

The French Nation

FRANCE, A NATION OF PATRIOTS. By C. J. H. HAYES. New York: Columbia University Press. 1930.

Reviewed by BERNARD FAY

AT last, after the emotional outbursts of the past decade, the reading public is given a clear, wise book on the national problems, the government, and the organization of France. The relations between the United States and France have been complicated and sometimes strained, more often because of a misguided idealism and indiscreet friendship, than because of any concrete conflict. Vague sympathies have been considered harmless and even somewhat helpful to international relations; but they are, in fact, bad, for they create an atmosphere of untruth and they make real and practical coöperation more and more difficult.

Professor Hayes has been very successful in avoiding these pitfalls; his is the most accurate as well as the most up-to-date book published in any country on French political machinery, and many French people would be greatly enlightened by reading it. His chapters on the French press are particularly interesting and valuable. He has made his way through the complicated maze of French political parties and groups; his picture of the contemporary divisions of the French press is clear and clever although it does not establish the accuracy of everything in the picture today. As is well known in France, a newspaper changes its political platform with the accession, for example, of its owner to a place in a conservative ministry, only to change again should the ministry fall. Newspapers are a rather inexpensive luxury in France and, as such, are bought and sold easily. This recalls the story of the widow of a French deputy killed in the war, who bought the radical newspaper which had insulted her husband during his lifetime and after his death. In it, she published a long, enthusiastic, serial biography of the deceased and, after having used the newspaper for her purposes, she sold it again to the socialists. French newspapers do not support themselves on advertisements but on subscriptions and circulation; it behooves them, therefore, to keep their public continually excited and, for this purpose, changes from time to time and even a few bitter polemics are necessary.

There is the "story" of the very small town

(*Continued on page* 1125)

Post Mortem

BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

THE great humanist controversy has subsided, with few of the congregation and not too many of the preachers knowing what it was all about. Indeed it never had a clear-cut issue, but fed upon a spiritual discontent so widespread and so vague that any voices crying in the wilderness were sure of a hearing, even without amplifiers. But even when heard they were not understood, and the fault was by no means in the audience. For humanism was presented as a literary quarrel, which is like reducing a controversy in religion to terms of fiction, drama, and poetry.

Humanism is neither a formula nor, strictly speaking, a creed. It is a principle of defense. Whenever civilized man begins to constrict or warp his own nature as a human being, advocates of humanism arise in criticism. When he loses his sense of humor, or forgets the possibilities of this world in contemplation of a possible heaven, when he invents a machine and then clamps his imagination to it until he becomes mechanical himself, humanism rises in revolt. Its principles are always the same—man must be most like a man and least like a beast or a machine—but its definitions are fluid and its arguments determined by the nature of the opposition. When this opposition is over opinion or interpretation—classicist against realist, dualist against monist—then the humanist controversy is likely to be a dispute over definitions. But when the opposition is concrete and violent, it becomes a Cause. It was a Cause in the Renaissance, when the weight of stale medieval supernaturalism had to be shaken off by the human spirit. It was a Cause in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries when science, both theoretical and applied, had to be given its chance to improve man's adjustment to his physical environment. It is a Cause now that the machine age threatens whole sets of values in human living.

But this latest Cause was not the theme of the recent controversy. It did not interest Professor Babbitt, who thinks that the industrial revolution is no concern of his. It does not interest the general public who never consider that the new machines they are excitedly riding may some day run over them. And the new humanists, being critics, scholars, or teachers by profession, naturally preferred to discuss literature. Mrs. Mary Colum in the June *Scribner's* and in this *Review* has exposed their disabilities in literary criticism. More desirous of demolishing modern literature than of understanding it, they have been endeavoring to weigh an art by ethical standards alone, and to regard plays, novels, and poems as so many receptacles for ideas—convenient drawers into which philosophical concepts had been or should have been tucked away for later examination.

But they were chasing red herrings. It was not really art and literature which Professor Babbitt and the cohorts of the new humanists, and even the more esthetic Mr. More, had proposed to settle once and for all. It was the temper, the ethics, and the philosophy of living of the present age. The hounds of their intellect ran barking down the trail until they came upon the oily scent of a monster which, like the dragons of old, had torn up whole countrysides and transformed the world. It was not the roe deer they had expected, but a bristling tank—the symbol of the plutodemocratic age of machines. There was the enemy. There was the Beast of the Apocalypse. The scholarly huntsmen did not like the smell. They turned their tiny hounds off the egregious scent (the complacent drivers of the machine never knew they were being chased) and let them slip down an easier path in pursuit, not of things but of words. The hare of art is swift, the fox of philosophy is devious, the roe deer of literature is elusive, but the huntsmen knew their twists and turns and upon their hides metaphysical weapons would bite.

But this was evasion, and worse than evasion, for when they caught the poor hare they strung him up on Aristotle, and, taking his skin, thought they had learned the secret of his swiftness. They had recoiled from the machine, which in its actions and reactions and all that they symbolize is the storm center of energy and the chief distinction both for good and bad of our age, and had applied their ethical standards, drawn from the absolute, to artists who also were creatures of our own particular time. This time, our age, they spat out, like a mouthful of sand.

I agree with Mrs. Colum that Professor Babbitt and his group are esthetically unequipped to cope with the art and literature they have left their course to pursue and berate. When the irrepressible conflict between mechanism and a true humanism has sharpened, all of our contemporary writers will be reexamined for their varying and often subtle relationships to the central struggle of this period. It will be like the sudden flame of criticism which cast light from a new angle upon earlier American literature when we realized that we had been so emphatically a nation of pioneers. But that examination must be made, that light shed, by literary critics who are able to classify ideas without thinking that they are thereby classifying art; it must be made by critics who love art for its own sake, and will not condemn a "Paradise Lost" because it is Presbyterian.

And furthermore, these knights of a new humanism are even less equipped for a conflict with the Beast, the demon of the machine, from which they

This Week

"Her Privates We."
Reviewed by EMERSON G. TAYLOR.

"My Thirty Years War."
Reviewed by R. N. LINSCOTT.

"A Critique of Humanism."
Reviewed by O. W. FIRKINS.

"Off the Arm."
Reviewed by HENRY WALCOTT BOYNTON.

"The Bridge."
Reviewed by LOUIS UNTERMEYER.

"Three Came Unarmed."
Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT.

Two Anniversaries.
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

"The Adams Family."
Reviewed by M. A. DEWOLFE HOWE.

Next Week, or Later

"Roosevelt: The Story of a Friendship."
Reviewed by JOHN CORBIN.

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have so unvaliantly run to takei ssue with its least characteristic by-products. For they are not interested in the machine age, which is, after all, our age; they do not so much hate, as deny it. They commit the egregious fallacy of transporting the *mores* of other civilizations, other times, to ours, and adapting them without reference to our genius, our circumstances, our desires. They oppose, so they say, only that science which exceeds its limitations, but actually they pass by science altogether. Each writer, so far, has set up directly or by implication a doctrinaire code—often sound in itself—to which he proposes to fit literature, art, morals, philosophy, with no concern whatsoever for the novelties in experience which the machine has introduced, or the new discoveries in the adjustment of the mind to its environment made by modern science. That they are new factors and new discoveries, and that their implications can be disregarded only by the wilfully blind, needs little arguing. And yet I can discover in these new humanists only qualifying clauses here and there to indicate their awareness that this is not Aristotle's world—nor Darwin's.

This weakness would be less serious if we were arguing now the metaphysics and ethics of humanism instead of the Cause itself. In the humanist army there will be many camps, and from one of them will come the persuasive doctrine that has not yet been uttered; but the first essential is to deal with our actual world, as in our time. The issue of monism and dualism which Professor Babbitt would make central is in that world not central at all. It is supremely important, but not for this battle, where I should not give two cents whether the captain who could teach us how to turn the immense energies of this century into more human, and better human, channels, were a monist or a dualist. No adequate definition of either a dualist or a monist in terms of modern experience has been offered. By either philosophy, as they are generally understood, he could justify his fight for a good life.

* * *

The failure of the new humanism to reach the real issue is due in part, I believe, to the history of the new humanists. They have been fighting—and particularly here Professors Babbitt and Foerpon another front. In all of Professor Babooks implicitly, and more recently, and exin Professor Foerster's "The American Scholar," the literary scholarship of the last half century is attacked for its mechanical obsession with the accumulation of facts. Here they were upon firm soil. The literary scholar, in imitation of the research scientist, gave all his energies to the digging out of literary history regarded chiefly as chronology and evolution, with very little concern for the ultimate usefulness of his facts. They were useful of course, but he did not look beyond his immediate objective of accurate statement. And yet his facts were less valuable, or at least less influential, than the scientist's. He was able to correct a line of Chaucer: the scientist's studies of gas combustion set a world on wheels.

The new humanists, before they had become a movement with a name, fleshed their weapons upon their academic colleagues. "Come out of your documents," they said in effect, "and do some thinking." After all, Spenser's philosophic relationships to the absolutes of beauty are quite as important as his sources; and the results of reading Poe are as worthy of study as the order of composition of his verse. They were greeted with a universal growl from an industrious generation so busy with research that only the danger that all the texts should be edited and all the cruxes solved and all the sources discovered before their reputations were made, gave them real concern. The call to ethics and philosophy seemed impertinent. Some, more intellectually alert, asked, what ethics and what philosophy?—for already a tendency in their critics toward Westminster confessions was evident. And yet the challenge was pertinent. The new humanists were not then speaking to artists whose business with ideas was to use, not to analyze them, nor to the moulders of a civilization who must be met with a criticism as well informed in the present as in the past, but to workers who like themselves were trying to analyze, not create, the products of our cultural past.

And when they turned from the scholars to the world outside the universities they were flushed with an unrecognized victory. They had challenged their colleagues to consider ultimate objectives. They had invited them to relate their studies to the principles which have governed civilization, so that their literary history should have the high utility of becoming a living part of the thought and imagination in which intelligent men live. Facts were not to be left as facts; their relevance to human needs was to become the end of scholarship. Their opponents, it is true, charged them with turning substance into accident. Honest research was to be sacrificed to vague philosophy. Generalization was to be encouraged before the grounds of knowledge had been surveyed with sufficient accuracy. Dates and sources were to be left half collected while unripe students discoursed of the true, the beautiful, and the good. But the reply was obvious. Already the fields of scholarship were littered with the lumber of erudition. It was time to begin to build before the reason for collecting all this mass of fact should be forgotten. Mere knowledge could never be an end in itself.

* * *

So far the argument on both sides concerned itself with the past. What was it like? asked the scholars and would not be diverted from their questionings. What did it mean for humanity? asked their opponents, and were indignant that their colleagues would not even try to answer. But when, encouraged by the logic of their position, and wearied by the inertia of scholarship, they turned to the sharp left, and began to let fly their arrows at modern life itself, the nature of the battle sharply altered. The challenge to scholarship was to think ethically and philosophically: the challenge to the modern world was to think like the new humanists. The scholars had been asked to investigate ideas, but in Professor Foerster's "Humanism and America," critics, industrialists, scientists, philosophers, were requested to accept a set of ideas already categorized, crystallized, and made dogmatic.

Nor did the new humanists seem to perceive that they had changed their ground from a past where they had spent their best energies in study to a present in which they were not at home and ill prepared for leadership. The ideas they inscribed upon their banners — moderation in everything, dualism, the inner check, etc., etc.—were generalized from a recorded history that appealed to the temperaments of these intellectual crusaders. They did not, as a matter of fact, represent history so much as an interpretation of history by certain congenial minds of the past. Whether dualism or monism is the proper description of the attitude of any historical period may be arguable, but to settle the discussion one way or another cannot alter by a nail paring what actually happened two thousand years ago in Greece. Our knowledge of that long ago life may be changed, but not the experience itself. When the new humanists challenged the scholars, they challenged their methods of forming opinion, but when they challenged modern civilization they began the attempt to shape experience itself.

* * *

And for this, as I have said, they were ill prepared, and first of all, through a lack of sympathy with their own age. By sympathy I do not, of course, mean agreement. The strength of the new humanists is that they are diametrically opposed to many dangerous tendencies of the day. Yet in order to fight successfully the evils of an age there must be real comprehension, and this these able and learned gentlemen do not show. Their insensitiveness to the vital elements of art and literature Mrs. Colum has sufficiently dealt with; but this insensitiveness is evident in other departments. They are, for example, violently anti-democratic, and it was the "sneaking" sympathy of the late Stuart P. Sherman for the bettering of the lot of the masses which aroused vituperation of the humanitarianism of that typical American figure. Now democracy is certainly not an end in itself, and one may be skeptical of the unmixed benefits ascribed to its past and probable future, yet to despise its achievements and to choose its manifestations as an argument against our civilization, is simply to pick up an age by the wrong handle. The Greeks and Romans cannot be condemned for their failures in applied science, or the Assyrians for their lack of popular government. Whatever its faults, this is clearly one of the great ages of human development. Its energy is unsurpassed; it has wrought more changes in man's environment, changed more extensively the habits of man, opened more opportunities of certain kinds to the average mortal, than the previous twenty centuries. Democracy, for good or ill, has played a great part. You simply cannot approach the twentieth century in the what-a-horrid-mistake attitude and get far along lines useful in thinking. For civilizations do not divest themselves of all that is most characteristic at the behest of doctrinaire critics, and so commit suicide. Nor is this a counsel of time serving. There is a difference between dull conformity, and a comprehension of the genius of an age, and an antithesis between helpful criticism and the kind of advice which says to the twentieth century, go to, you should be like the fourth if you would win the approval of Aristotle or Aquinas or Paul Elmer More.

And I think that the new humanists are otherwise too ill informed to crusade in the modern world. They are, it seems to me, ill informed in the history of literature. The question of the absolute value of a contemporary work of art is not, as they seem to think, of unique importance. We are not concerned to know only whether Joyce's "Ulysses" is inferior to Homer's, or O'Neill's plays to the tragedies of Euripides. Our chief interest is in interpretations not comparisons. We would know what these modern works (since they *are* modern and therefore our own) are good for, what are their defects, and how they might have been bettered. If the answer is, by being like Homer and Euripides, we reply, stuff and nonsense! They could only be like themselves, and while examples from the past may be of service in understanding and improving them, it is their own inner necessity in the heart of their age which must be grasped before criticism can begin.

The new humanists are even less well informed in science. They do not condemn modern science, except when it exceeds its limitations! What an absurd attitude toward the great transformer of modern life. Hatred of science, devotion to science, one can understand, but this pat on the neck of the electron is a gesture superb in its irrelevance to the very form and pressure of our times. Mr. Louis Trenchard More's discussion of physics in the book referred to above, is full of illogicalities, even to the lay eye. He offers no proof that the "matter" which his more advanced colleagues have now discredited is more than a name, but objects to the unreal nature of the world they are forced to posit. This is conservatism with a vengeance.

* * *

As for psychology, which is the *bête noire* of all these new humanists, very probably Haldane is right in saying that it is still in its alchemical stage, but that is no justification for their supercilious attitude. A creed that draws its moral code from the dualistic opposition between the bestial and the human should be deeply concerned with those researches into the unconscious and the primitive which have supplied, even to the skeptical, new means of understanding the complicated workings of the brain machine and the strange influence upon our minds of the inherited past. Professor Babbitt quotes Freud to damn him with no seeming awareness that Freud is only the left wing of an investigation that now supplies more pertinent footnotes to the philosophy of dualism than all Aristotle and the Middle Ages. This sliding away from studies of the nature of matter and the working of the brain, which in spite of their certain limitations, soon perhaps to be reached, are without question the most fruitful and interesting, and by all odds the most influential upon ethics and the ethical imagination, of our times, is the most damning single fact I know of the new humanism. It indicates better than a hundred pages of metaphysical rebuttal of their fragile theory of values, the too frequent obscurantism and the doctrinaire quality of these acute and erudite men.

Indeed there are fallacies in the new humanism which make it, in spite of the admirable principles it contains, unsafe as a philosophy of living. I accept, as every reasonable man must, the inescapable relationship between man and his environment, which means that to talk of one's mind as an absolute, apart from the texture of contemporary life, seems to me to be talking of what does not exist, or at least, is not human. That man is entirely a creature of environment I do not believe, but that he can be independent of it utterly, is perilously near to nonsense. Every great transforming religion has recognized these environmental aspects and can usually be defined by means of them. But whatever their protestations, the new humanist school does certainly profess to remould our industrial age by a philosophy drawn exclusively from past experience. That this philosophy may have been sound, and that it should become a part of our spiritual and intellectual environment today, I do not deny, or even argue here. But that the Nicomachean or any other ethics can be our ethics is completely absurd. Even the

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Ford, the radio, and the printing press, mere mechanisms as they are, make new environmental facts whose influences for change penetrate to the center of life.

It is this fallacy which makes the new humanists hostile or insensitive to the new data for comprehending man's place in the universe, and his own nature, which science has abundantly offered, and which philosophy is already at work upon. They are committed to duplication, and history, even by the dubious Spenglerian hypothesis, does not duplicate. They are essentially uninterested in their world as in their time, and the world of their time is therefore intractable to their arguments.

They have missed their vocation. For the duty of moralists (and they are intrinsically moralists) is to fix in our mental environment the truths (by experience) that have proved enduring in the past. For I offer no deistic argument here of the best of all possible worlds, but rather a picture of a complex and extraordinarily interesting development in which the machine that has made our comfort threatens to turn a tool-using animal into a tool, and where the laudable desire to give opportunity to all threatens to submerge the fine in the average, and the leader in the mass. Freed of some of their dogma, and educated in the vital characteristics of the only age they will ever know by first-hand experience, these ardent and sincere men might give the makeweight to a tradition which the twentieth century so clearly needs. But they must love more if they are to hate effectively. And they must be at least interested in the industrial age if they are to help to cure its diseases.*

Here Is War

HER PRIVATES WE. By Private 19022. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1930. $2.50.

GENERALS DIE IN BED. By CHARLES YALE HARRISON. New York: William Morrow & Company. 1930.

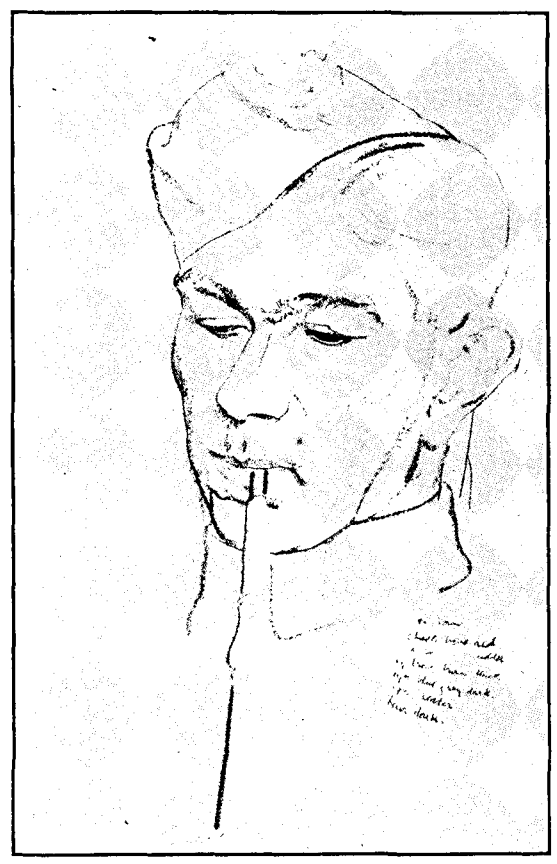
Reviewed by EMERSON G. TAYLOR

VARIATIONS on the sempiternal theme of life as known by British infantrymen on the western front are offered by these two accounts of personal wartime experience. Inevitably perhaps, the authors make use of similar material—scenes of combat and carnage, the long agony of bombardment, the breathless respite won by troops in the secondary lines, the slow restoration of utterly exhausted and broken men who, after their relief from front-line duty, are accorded a rest in an area far to the rear, only to be inexorably returned to the trenches and to another attack. Against this murky background are set figures of individual soldiers—idealistic volunteers for the service of country, seasoned regulars to whom war is a habit, drafted men whose hearts turn quickly homeward with regret and longing. All perform one duty; all share the same round of poor pleasures, yet they remain sharply individualized; their native traits of character are but accentuated and sharpened by the rude buffeting of war.

In "Her Privates We," the anonymous author has achieved some portraits of soldiers which rank with the most vivid, poignant, and subtle produced by any of the writers on the war. Here are Englishmen. Here are signallers, riflemen, bombers, who, resigned and tenacious, accept the war and sergeant-majors in the spirit of men whose job it is to tame a malevolent force of nature—and who go about their task without dramatics. Lifted now and again to unimagined heights of bravery and self-sacrifice, torn by terrible emotions, finding solace for their hardships in a hungrily snatched hour of self-indulgence, their horizons bounded by a broken parapet or the street of a shell-wrecked village, these British soldiers keep intact their humor, their pride, and their queer loyalties. For once, the reader is asked to believe that the average Tommy was not a neurotic, not the wreck of a man with all his morale shot away, not the highly picturesque and lamentable hysteric held up by pacifists as a horrible example of war's effects on every soul exposed to its devastating sweep. Every picture possesses a fine verisimilitude.

The author, already successful in other fields of literature, depicts scores of scenes on the Somme battlefield of 1916 with telling color and accurate, expressive line. Unafraid of dreadful physical detail, or of Tommy's habits and pungent army idiom, he writes nevertheless with restraint and searching phrase, with loving insight into the hearts of his characters, to accomplish descriptive values nothing short of brilliant. His figures are all modeled in the round. Muddy of soul and often pitiful, cool philosophers, clowns, or courageous fighting-men, these soldiers are vivid evocations from a past which still seems like yesterday. To one who has served with combat troops in action and known the British, every page of this exceptionally distinguished narrative will recall an hour, an incident, a bit of behavior on the part of some Tommy, which might have been drawn from his own experience at the front. To those who, not knowing war themselves, have come to think of soldiers as merely sodden, shell-torn, shell-shocked victims of a blind, ineluctable fury they have no power to withstand, but against which they struggle miserably, "Her Privates We" may suggest that the horde of recent horror mongers have rather overstated their case.

Among these latter chroniclers of battle belongs the author of "Generals Die in Bed." His book is



A BRITISH PRIVATE: ERIC KENNINGTON.
From "Legion" (Doubleday, Doran).

made up of sketches portraying Canadian troops in action and in their rest billets during the events of 1917 and 1918. Portions of it have previously been printed in the *New Masses, Morada, Die Welt am Abend, Die Neue Bücherschau*, and other periodicals in America and Europe. Called on repeatedly to serve at critical points in some of the most desperate actions of the gigantic struggle, the Canadians left behind them a record for unselfish gallantry which, as everyone knows, was unsurpassed by any of the British forces. But the author, announced as having served as a private in the Fourteenth Battalion of the Royal Montreal Regiment, has elected to use as material for what is evidently a cherished chapter, the legend that drunken Canadians riotously looted the city of Arras after the helpless French civilians were evacuated; he has thought well to relate as authentic a sensational scene in which his comrades butcher whole groups of unarmed German prisoners taken in the victorious advance eastward from Amiens. In a series of incoherent reminiscences, daubed in nightmare colors, the reader is invited to accept Dominion soldiers, whether in battle or billets, as wearing typically the guise of lice-infested sots and lechers, hysterical victims of oppression, or brutish savages.

A statue of Pet Marjorie, the child friend of Sir Walter Scott, was recently unveiled in Abbotshall Churchyard, Kirkcaldy. The grave was already marked by a white marble cross with the simple inscription—"Marjorie Fleming, Pet Marjorie, Born 1803, Died 1811."

Marjorie Fleming was in the habit of visiting her aunt in Edinburgh, and it was there that the author of "Waverley" formed his great friendship for her. She died of measles and complications when she was barely nine years old.

Continuous Ecstasy

MY THIRTY YEARS WAR: An Autobiography. By MARGARET ANDERSON. New York: Covici-Friede. 1930. $4.

Reviewed by R. N. LINSCOTT

AS every literary left-winger knows, Margaret Anderson was the founder and editor of the *Little Review*, that admirable and militant magazine, "making no compromise with the public taste," which was born in Chicago in 1914, moved to New York in 1924, and died in Paris in 1929. For fifteen years she fought the good fight and now, in the best military tradition, she has justified her battles in a volume of memoirs.

At the age of twenty-one, Margaret Anderson decided that "it was time to confer upon life that inspiration without which life is meaningless." She thereupon started the *Little Review*. Neither critic nor creator, she was a magnificent literary impressario. Her Rooseveltian enthusiasms, her Napoleonic self-confidence, her really sublime courage and pertinacity in sounding the tocsin for literary liberty are faithfully mirrored in these uncommonly vivid reminiscences. She performed the miracle of publishing a magazine without resources, of getting the best writers without paying them, and of living, meanwhile, in a state of continuous spiritual inebriation that would have left a lesser soul limp in a week. She raged editorially at her contributors for writing so badly; she issued a number composed of blank pages as a want ad for genius; she brooded with equal devotion over eggs and doorknobs, expecting to hatch eagles; she edited with her emotions, and she made a magazine that was exciting because it was unpredictable.

By providing in those yeasty days a forum for such writers as James Joyce (whose "Ulysses" led her a merry dance through the courts), Sherwood Anderson, Gertrude Stein, Ezra Pound (whose letters are the best thing in the book), T. S. Eliot, Amy Lowell, Dorothy Richardson, Djuna Barnes, Wyndham Lewis, Ernest Hemingway, and Hart Crane, she performed an indispensable function for the new literary movements that were just becoming articulate. Her characterizations of some of her favorites will bear quoting.

Amy Lowell. A brunette with a nose like a Roman emperor's and a manner somewhat more masterful, . . . had more feminine whims and humors than any ten w

Ezra Pound. He gives the sensation of watching a large baby perform its repertoire of physical antics, bravely, diffidently, without human responsibility for the performance.

Theodore Dreiser. He was never any good until some exchange of sex magnetism put him at his ease.

George Antheil. He rarely ate except for frequent imbibings of peppermint and infrequent green apples.

James Joyce. He gives the impression of having less escape from suffering about irremediable things than any one I have ever known.

Jane Heap (Co-Editor of the *Little Review*). She is the world's best talker. We talked for days, months, years. Our talk began with luncheon, reached a climax at tea, and by dinner, we were staggering with it. By five o'clock in the morning we were unconscious but still talking.

Margaret Anderson, Herself. Without continuous ecstasy life is not worth living. I ecstasied from the age of six.

Most delicious of all was the incredible poetess, Baroness Elsa von Freytag von Loringhoven, who wore a red Scotch plaid suit with a kilt hanging just below her knees, high white spats, two tea balls hanging from her bust, on her head sometimes a black tam' o' shanter with several long ice-cream-soda spoons and sometimes the top of a coal-scuttle; who decorated her face with postage stamps, and when suffering from unrequited love for William Carlos Williams, shaved her head, lacquered it a high vermillion, and made a dress from a piece of crêpe stolen from the door of a house of mourning. Her poems matched her costume.

In these grimmer days, the extravagant idealism, the high-pressure enthusiasm, the general air of come-on-boys, all-together-now-for-Art-for-Chicago-and-for-the-*Little Review* seem incredibly far off; a sort of childhood land where Miltons hung on every tree and the millennium was a page and a half away. "My Thirty Years War" is both an admirable guide to this remote country and the inspired self-portrait of a romanticist in perpetual flight from reality.

Before his death, Lord Balfour had brought his Autobiography up to the year 1887. This will be published in the coming autumn. The complete official life, compiled from his papers and literary remains, will take some time in preparation, and may not appear for another two or three years.

* The reader of this essay is referred to Mr. Firkin's discussion of "The Critque of Humanism," on page 1124 of this number of *The Saturday Review*.

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Humanism at Bay*

THE CRITIQUE OF HUMANISM. Edited by C. Hartley Grattan. Essays by the Editor, Edmund Wilson, Malcolm Cowley, Henry Hazlitt, Allen Tate, Kenneth Burke, H. R. Hitchcock, R. P. Blackmur, John Chamberlain, Bernard Bandler II, Yvor Winters, Lewis Mumford, Burton Rascoe. New York: Brewer & Warren. 1930. $3.50.

Reviewed by O. W. Firkins

LAST January an American tendency about thirty-five years old, with a name far older than itself, took shape and body in a book of fifteen essays by various hands entitled "Humanism and America." That book aroused in the journals instant, vehement, and inexplicable hostility, and this retort has now taken complemental shape and body in thirteen essays brought together under the title "The Critique of Humanism." The signatures are noticeable; able writing of moderate quality in moderate plenty is set forth; the style has the unsmoothed and half-shaped vigor of capable, but hurried, journalists. The hand is a little heavy, the touch rather of the fist than of the finger. Mr. Wilson and Mr. Cowley are deft with the rapier. Mr. Allen Tate's manœuvres I cannot follow at all; they are wrapped in a smoke-cloud of abstraction: but his expeditions seem to be wisely aimed. Mr. Blackmur has insight. Mr. Mumford alone seeks to build in the steps, and on the site of demolition; he cites aptly the lofty and neglected Santayana.

The manners of this book are Scythian. It is steeped in an acidity which, like acids in general, leaves a stain upon the page. The wish to inflict pain in a hundred scattered spots is unmistakable. "Respect" is here and there mentioned, but its confine is the end of the sentence which expresses it. As for Mr. Burton Rascoe, author of "Pupils of Polonius," he implants in the reader, like Poe or Maeterlinck, a new shudder—almost a new disdain.

This is an ungenerous book—I do not say from ungenerous hands (between work and workman epithets must often warily discriminate). Instead of facing a handful of able and sincere men bravely coping with a situation of unprecedented difficulty, they have seen nothing but a knot of blunders and a train of fallacies. They have surveyed what is—to them—a futile endeavor to serve humanity with precisely the same eyes with which they would have viewed a successful endeavor to inflict harm. Granting—for one second—that this movement were abortive, what then? Does Yorktown despise Lexington?

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The critics have left nothing unassailed. They have attacked the humanists in their social and religious gospel—a side on which literary critics might be vulnerable; in their critical specialty, accusing them of insensibility, and even of indifference, to literature; in their ethical standard, which they are said both to stress and to starve, they accuse them of recreancy to their own teaching, of failure in discipline, in judgment, in *humanism;* lastly, they fall upon their characters and manners, extravagance, arrogance, censorious ignorance, indecorum. The reader will perceive that the advance is general; it reaches, in military language, from the Vosges to the North Sea.

With several—even many—of their specific criticisms I concur; what I disapprove and disavow—what robs just censure of half its value—is their temper. I believe that the future belongs to the spirit that lies behind the new humanism; but I also believe that that spirit has much—very much—to reorganize and reformulate before it can annex or recover its own property. Messrs. More and Babbitt are among our ripest minds—almost the only self-relying self-sustaining minds among us—yet their creed in its new form of evangel has a hasty, improvised air, an aspect at once premature and immature. It specifies (on points like "dualism," the two "laws," and the three levels in man) where specification is both unnecessary and hazardous, and it is uncommunicative (on the "voice" and the "will to refrain") where generality and reticence are indiscreet. The "voice" and the "will" are mere breathings (though they are to steer our lives), whereas a philosophy which the "voice," if genuine, would instantly displace and replace, is extended and elaborated along lines which provoke constant fire from a watchful enemy. As these critics rightly say, Mr. More does not base his views on Greek tradition; he sifts Greek tradition by his views. Admirable pursuit, and superlatively admirable scholarship! But when the object is a reveillée—or, in the hunter's sense, a recall—to a sleeping or straying generation, tradition as a commentary on a predetermined faith has little value. In the "voice," the "intuition," the "higher immediacy," *if valid*, the Humanists have all they need. On this side—only this side—of his research, Mr. More reminds me of a flyer who has reached a summit readily by airplane, then undertakes to convoy a party by foot or carriage to the same peak, and, in the harder journey, fails to reach the top.

What I object to in the inescapable dualism and the distribution of the human mind into three levels is, simply and exclusively, their *insecurity*. In a world which not so long ago unified all matter by gravitation, and only the other day unified the mass of life by evolution, I hesitate, as a friend to humanism, to identify its safety with the permanence of a division which sets up three terraces in human nature, and splits the world into two irreconcilable and uncommunicating halves. You can no more hold to a Mason and Dixon's line in the universe than in America. The alarm over science might almost seem to have its spring in an eagerness for trouble. Surely nothing but the indisputable is science, and to dispute the indisputable—anywhere—is an undertaking as costly as it is futile. Why not rather take our own quiet, humble, *undisputed* way across the fields, and not rack our lungs in vain endeavors to arrest the speeding locomotive? There is Watsonism, to be sure, which threatens to cashier intelligence; but just as Bishop Berkeley, after the abolition of matter, allowed every one to eat and drink as formerly, so Dr. Watson, having abolished mind, lets everybody observe, compare, argue, cipher, adopt Watsonism, and listen to an inner voice.

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Humanism on these points is needlessly outspoken; but as to the heart of its mystery, it reveals astonishingly little. Mr. More's religion (as Mr. Tate sees), though pervasive, is undiscoverable. It is omnipresent; it is said to be dictatorial: yet somehow—he carries it "clasped, like a missal where swart Paynims pray"—against his heart and therefore underneath his garment. Mr. Babbitt's religion evades the grasp of definition. For criticism this reserve is wise and fit; religion in literary judgments, like a priest at a dinner party, is all the better for a wise dissimulation of his calling. But when humanism becomes a gospel, offers tidings, asks for loyalty, we look for fuller candor; reservation in a messenger is strange. We are told of an inward sacred voice; it bids us refrain from acts which are not specified; and by obedience to this unspecific will we come to inward sanctity and peace. I do not think this is a fair statement of the humanist's actual message, but it is a statement which is both encouraged and excused by the scantness and the nature of their explanations. It lends an air of justice to the favorite and eager charge that they reason in the void, that, having reduced criticism and even life to a demonstration of ethics, they reduce ethics itself to a diagram and shadow.

The taciturnity may have its source in depth of feeling. "What should Cordelia do? Love and be silent." Nevertheless, it was inconvenient that Cordelia could not speak, and that the humanists in this central matter should have lacked the capacity to depict, to vitalize, and to inspire. The trouble grew out of the irrelevancy of their abilities and inclinations to their specific task. Reasoners—they had to do with a faith that was pure intuition; analysts—they upheld a belief that was pure simplicity. A *Te Deum* would have helped such a faith more than a dozen able volumes, but they could produce a dozen able volumes, yet they could not fashion a *Te Deum*. Thomas Aquinas, set to Thomas à Kempis's task, produced a "Summa Theologiæ." In all this I am just to the high quality of these works as thought and criticism; I comment only on their insufficiency as guides to conduct Israel out of Egypt.

When all has been said, the humanist movement contains, I believe, three excellent things which need, first of all extrication from cumbering irrelevance, and, secondly, a vitalizing and enkindling touch. All three are attributes of the spirit. The first is independence, the throwing-off of the yoke of the motor-car and the test-tube, the affirmation that the ends of the spirit shall be fixed by the spirit itself, let the alkalis and the chromospores say what they will. The second is inwardness, the assertion that to the mind sunk in its own thought or rapt in its own feeling the resonance of the aeroplane in the heavens or in the newspapers is as idle as the buzzing of the fly upon the pane. The third of the three traits is discipline. The criticism of Messrs. More and Babbitt is a brave and wise stand against that great literary evil of the last century and a half, which alike in the physical sense of dispersion and the moral sense of wayward self-indulgence, we may represent by the word dissipation. I would myself add that as credo or battle-cry the will to refrain should be held and venerated only as part and agent of the will to be. Of course it remains true that the difficulties in the way of making any such ideals provable, sharable, and transferable are enormous. The simple truth is that the authors of these two volumes might learn a great deal from one another. Will any profit by the opportunity? One thing is finally indubitable that the nobler side will be the readiest to learn.

* In connection with this review see the article on the first page of this issue.

Portrait of an Artist as Ass

OFF THE ARM. By Don Marquis. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1930. $2.

Reviewed by Henry Walcott Boynton

OF this latest Marquisian comment on the American scene, what is to be said? Little in bulk, for everybody knows his Don Marquis, and you may as well try to say something new about Will Rogers or John D. These are features and almost fixtures in our lives; America without them would be a different place. What is Don Marquis? A humorist? well, he is surely not a funny man primarily. A novelist? hardly, for telling stories is not necessary to him, he could live without it. A satirist? why yes, if you leave out the scorn that embitters a Swift or a Juvenal or even a Mark Twain. More clearly than any of these, I should say, he is a commentator, a friendly observer who jogs us out of our complacency with an apt word on his lips and a twinkle in his eye.

"Off the Arm" is not a remarkable work of fiction; nobody will read it twice. But a great many people will read it once with pleasure and profit, and this is more than can be said of most novels that pull a long face and make great display of literary earnestness. Its persons never quite get away from their several types: Cass, a highbrow author with an immense opinion of his own powers; Sally his wife, "a regular little guttersnipe," shrewdly aware of her husband's absurdity and incapable of understanding his genius, but heartily in love with him; and Wadleigh the fat friend, devoted to Sally, and always lending a hand to Cass for her sake.

Well, it is just another comedy of lovers separated by human cussedness and coming together through pure love. Cass becomes a contriver of despised scenarios at Hollywood. Sally appears there as star, and the action which has begun in Paris between the pretty child of nature and her strutting, over-sophisticated husband, ends in a satisfactory demonstration of his caveman qualities. Wadleigh, the family friend, is left gazing somewhat dazedly after the departing pair. But Sally foresees that she will have to support the outfit in the end, and not altogether jestingly envisions herself, in the course of a few years, as mistress of the swellest tearooms in New York, and of Cass as its "most gorgeous headwaiter."

The Italian Touring Club, which now counts 400,000 members, has distributed ten million guidebooks and thirty-two million maps since its foundation in 1906. It is now completing its admirable series of pocket guidebooks of Italy by a new series of richly illustrated volumes, entitled "Attraverso l'Italia," of which the first section, "Piedmont," has just appeared.

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Noble A. Cathcart.....*Publisher*

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Prophetic Rhapsody

THE BRIDGE. By HART CRANE. New York: Horace Liveright. 1930. $2.50.

Reviewed by LOUIS UNTERMEYER

THE poetry of Hart Crane is, for all its *finesse* of delineation, founded on rhetoric, but rhetoric of a new order. His earlier work established his relation to Rimbaud, Poe, and Wallace Stevens—poets devoted to tonal nuances, tangential allusions, and verbal color—Crane's effects being often as ingenious and accomplished as theirs. Frequently he transcended ingenuity, striking out phrases of sudden clarity. But "White Buildings" was the record of esthetic as well as emotional conflicts. Alternating between clipped characterization and complete departure from representation, the lines approximated without quite achieving an "absolute" poetry. As Allen Tate hinted in his introduction to Crane's first volume, the poet had not yet discovered a theme to embody his uncoördinated visions.

In "The Bridge" the theme has been found. A set of disparate poems has been integrated by vital figures, the figures having been lifted into the realm of national myth. The sense of time flows like a leading theme through variations, interruptions, dissonances, and disruptions until a pattern emerges. In that pattern, sometimes obscure but finally resolved, Pocahontas and Paumanok, Rip Van Winkle and the Wright Brothers, Atlantic and the Brooklyn Bridge are not isolated phenomena but are significantly related, and—even in their most realistic aspects—take on legendary proportions.

Stars scribble on our eyes the frosty sagas,
The gleaming cantos of unvanquished space . . .
O sinewy silver biplane, nudging the wind's withers!
There, from Kill Devils Hill at Kitty Hawk
Two brothers in their twinship left the dune;
Warping the gale, the Wright windwrestlers veered
Capeward, then blading the wind's flank, banked and spun
What ciphers risen from prophetic script,
What marathons new-set between the stars!
The soul, by naphtha fledged into new reaches,
Already knows the closer clasp of Mars,—
New latitudes, unknotting, soon give place
To what fierce schedules, rife of doom apace!
Behold the dragon's covey—amphibian, ubiquitous,
To hedge the seaboard, wrap the headland, ride
The blue's unfeathered districts unto aether . . .
While Iliads glimmer through eyes raised in pride
Hell's belt springs wider—into heaven's plumed side.

Such a fragment, torn from the section "Cape Hatteras" (which appeared originally in the columns of this weekly) conveys a small—a very small—sense of the synthesis which molds the separate parts of "The Bridge" into an organized whole. The influences have not been wholly discarded: one does not have to look far to recognize the color-suggestiveness of Stevens and the contrast-method of Pound and Eliot. Yet it is equally evident that Crane is not spiritually persuaded by any of these, but by poets who might be thought their opposites. His visions—his very mottoes—are those of Blake, the Book of Job, Emily Dickinson, Walt Whitman. It is the spirit of Whitman—the spirit of "competent loam, the probable grass"—which is apotheosized on a rising cadence; from the "red, eternal flesh of Pocohontas" to the taut motors "space-gnawing" past auroral beaches, the younger poet pursues the cosmic Lounger of the Open Road.

As a sheer phrase-maker Crane commands attention. His work is studded with images and epithets like "Where the cedar leaf divides the sky," "the nasal whine of power whips a new universe," "thunder's eloquence through green arcades," "thewed of the levin, thunder-shod and lean," "the agile precincts of the lark's return." Yet it is not phrase-making that chiefly distinguishes Crane; it is the apostrophic power, the strangely tuned but undeniable eloquence which makes "The Bridge" an important contribution to recent American poetry. Here is the accepted distortion and telescoping of time-space which has become, it seems, part of every modernist's equipment; here is the mechanism of "The Waste Land" and the Poundian "Cantos" giving shape to scattered symphonic passages. But here also is a passion that mounts to a sometimes broken but finally sustained rhapsody. "The Bridge" is manifestly prophetic.

There will be those who will still find Crane's poetry not only tangential but cryptic, and it must be admitted that his combination of allusiveness and allegory is a handicap to "the plain reader" since the allusions are often remote and the allegorical symbols personal to the point of privacy. But whatever Crane loses in directness he gains in a realism beyond factual reality; instead of the expected sharp-edged statement he has perfected a rounded locution from which the meaning is always on the point of sliding off and yet maintaining something more than the surface meaning. It is a triumph of suggestion, an exact inexactitude in which the implications are more important than the half-evaded fact. But it is not so much the employment of his symbols as their movement which makes the scheme of the new book so much larger than the program of "White Buildings." "The Bridge" carries the rhetorician beyond himself. Its intention is inclusive, even grandiose; its reach is lofty; its achievement indubitable. It approaches—if such a thing is possible—a highly sophisticated, highly syncopated local epic.

The French Nation

(*Continued from page* 1121)

in which two newspapers were published. Both were purchased every morning by all of the inhabitants who were intrigued by the daily insults the two editors hurled at each other. One week, unfortunately, the editor of the one paper insulted the owner of the other in too lurid terms and his rival replied in kind. Things went from bad to worse until the town demanded that the honor of the two gentlemen should be vindicated in a duel, when, alas, it was discovered that the two papers were owned by one man!

Professor Hayes has worked with perfection, but history, I believe, is not a science and could only be so considered were the human element entirely eliminated. While his book is excellent, some of the facts have either already been altered by time or else are lacking in *nuance*.

It would be difficult, however, to say too much in praise of the author's understanding. He has followed so faithfully the trend of events and watched so closely the psychology of peoples that his conclusions can scarcely be called his own but rather the evidence of facts themselves. With perfect fairness, he neither embellishes nor obscures his facts. His analysis of the French national tendencies will be an aid to all international scholars who are seeking truth rather than emotion.

This patriotic attitude of the French people as a whole is truly the keynote of social life in France, even if shyness or brilliance obscures it at times. I believe that all peoples care mostly for their own interests, but many nations possess interests which extend over a wide area, or over areas where they exercise no political power. England as a mercantile and shipping country encourages the prosperity of the world in order to enjoy it herself. Italy, devoid of minerals and gold, seeks the coöperation of industrial and capitalistic nations—France, nearly alone with the United States, is a self-supporting and self-centered nation. Within her rather small territory are included such a variety of regions, at once warm and cold, agricultural and industrial, continental and maritime, that she is able to provide for all her needs.

Much the same situation, of course, obtains in the United States, although with one great difference: while France would require no neighbors to enjoy a well-rounded existence, she is faced on her large, territorial frontier including many miles of coast opposite England and the Mediterranean shores, with the possibility of political and social unrest the reaction from which she would most certainly feel; on the other hand, the United States which is practically self-supporting in the economic sense, and remote from any nation which is or could become her equal, enjoys a theoretical and a practical sovereignty. France, although self-centred and proud after her ten centuries of perfectly organized self-support, has constantly to be on the alert against possible neighboring upheavals, for any social disturbance in Germany, Italy, or even in Spain or Belgium, would be felt at once in Paris.

This explains why French international politics appear to the foreigner so complicated and difficult. The situation has, of course, become more involved since the French Revolution; the organization of democracy has obliged French deputies to discuss, publicly, all problems concerning the welfare of their electors and, among them, the life and behavior of neighboring peoples. In the French parliament certain deputies may speak highly of Italian Fascism, others sneeringly; some may be enthusiastic about Mr. Ramsay MacDonald while others are cool. These local differences of opinion will always exist because Italian political life, for example, is of vital importance to voters and deputies of Southeastern France, just as English politics is almost home politics to French dwellers in the Channel ports.

Professor Hayes has described and analyzed this entire situation with such clear-sightedness that he should be hailed as one among the very few writers and scholars of today who see and understand things as they are, who analyze and explain them, and who still are not swayed by their own personal theories. In his mind, facts and ideas do not war against each other. This may account for the success with which this American professor has dealt with his French task.

Savage Youth

THREE CAME UNARMED. By E. ARNOT ROBERTSON. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1930. $2.50.

Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT

THE theme of Miss Robertson's new novel is the same as that of "Cullum," her first, a conflict between people of the open air and people of the indoors; but in "Three Came Unarmed" this conflict is far more significant than in the personal love tragedy of the earlier book. The three characters of the title are the three children of an English missionary to Borneo who took to drink and went native: they speak English and can read and write, but in all essentials they have grown up as savages. When the oldest is eighteen their father dies, and they go back to an aunt in England; it is there that they are found defenceless. They have found their own food in the jungle from childhood; they have made their own way home from Borneo without money; but civilization brings each of them a tragedy. Like Crichton, they can bring life to terms "on an island, yes, my lady, but not in England."

Miss Robertson is far too wise to attempt another wholesale criticism of civilization from the point of view of the Noble Savage. Her own young are by no means idealized. They have, for instance, no respect for the Marquis of Queensberry rules by which our social bickerings are carried on. "You shouldn't say such things about your brother behind his back; you wouldn't if he were here." "Why wouldn't I?" he asks, "when I can lick him?" But their great quality is an invincible habit of looking at things on their merits. For example, the cousin objects to their habit of wandering about the house before breakfast dressed only in bath towels, and their aunt (who by a brilliant stroke is a person of conventionally advanced views) replies for them that the human body is the most beautiful thing in nature, and it would be better if no one wore any clothes. But Alan reasonably objects to his own defender, "'Oh, no, it's all right for *us*, but I should think most people look much better in clothes than stripped. Practically all women, I should think.'" The independence of judgment there is merely delicious, but when applied to all principles of society it makes the young barbarians terrible, but admirable. "So young, and so untender!" one says of them; "so young, my lord, and true."

Through them, and through her own comments, Miss Robertson satirizes all muddled conventional ideas, with a wider range and a more deadly effect then even "Potterism" had. Nobody is safe from her; in one paragraph she destroys an American go-getter, and on the next page she impartially annihilates an English cavalry colonel. No one will be able to read the book without being stimulated, and many people will be healthily shocked. Yet one always feels that there is no trace of a desire to astonish the middle class, that Miss Robertson herself was sorry to have to conclude that the two things the late war showed were quite useless were cavalry and clergymen, that she has been regretfully forced to her conclusions. Hers is that rare thing, a book of satire that appears a triumph of intellectual honesty, not of intellectual agility.

There is much more in the book than a criticism of civilized ideas. Readers of "Cullum" (which deserved to be more widely read than it was) will remember that Miss Robertson possessed, besides a trenchant wit and a breath-taking candor, a remarkable ability to convey her enjoyment of rugged sports. That is still apparent in "Three Came Unarmed." There is some of the best writing about the miseries and delights of amateur yachting to be found anywhere. There is a fascinating stalk in Borneo. There is throughout the book a tang of sea air that reinforces Miss Robertson's fondness for the salutary hardness of the barbarian point of view. There is a good story. It is a rare and delightful book.

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The BOWLING GREEN

Two Anniversaries

A MAN came and said that I ought to have the trees and shrubs sprayed; he said the canker worms were very bad this year, and if I didn't look out I wouldn't have any trees left. I put up a plea for the worms, saying that they also had to have their fun; an insincere plea, I was endeavoring to avert any possible expense, and had learned once before how costly it is to let loose an expert among your foliage. He climbs very high up a tall tree, and riding from the topgallant in a bosun's chair he discovers a nest of weevils or something that will be fatal to that tree unless something is done pronto. He offers to ride you aloft yourself (in the bosun's chair) to look at it; but I don't care for bosuns' chairs.

Besides in my simple symbolic fashion I had thought that all those cheerful caterpillars were simply measuring worms, a sign that someone in the family was going to have a lot of new clothes.

He said he would do the job for $55, and though I tried to suggest $50 he was quite firm. He said the mixture he used was very costly; I asked what it was, and he said it blended whale-oil, arsenic, and nicotine. I capitulated at once. A mixture so romantic, so suggestive, yes, so symbolic, could not be resisted. If that was a good formula for vermicide, I said to myself, it was equally good as a formula for literature. Besides, the coincidence was too perfect. The day the tree-man made his proposal happened to be Walt Whitman's birthday, and if there ever was a book that compounded those particular ingredients it was *Leaves of Grass*. (Though I don't remember that Walt did much smoking? But just as nicotine, a poison, is the "active principle" of tobacco, and yet smoking is helpful to the spirit, so Walt was able to take some of the morbid anxieties of life and show us their health and honor.) Moreover the $55 began to seem a rhyme of destiny. For *Leaves of Grass* was published in '55, and I was going to celebrate that very afternoon (a day of blue void and golden breeze) by taking to Walt's birthplace at West Hills a friend who had never seen it and who had been Walt's publisher; indeed perhaps the only publisher who ever appreciated that amazing book the *Complete Prose*. And by one of the incomparable felicities of life, destiny had decanted into the possession of this friend 3 bottles of the very rarest and noblest distillations of America, Overholt 1855. Of this choice, this unique, this coeval elixir of Xanadu, born from the grain and juice of Walt's own pinnacle year, we were to drink (tenderly, austerely, sparingly, as befits men of feeling) at the very farmhouse of his birth.

My $55 was already devoted. The mention of whale-oil (thoughts of *Moby Dick*) and the numerical coincidence were too strong for me. Thousands of canker-worms (the larvæ of geometrid moths) perished the following Monday for the sake of a literary sentimentalism. The cheerful woodsmen, climbing about and spraying their pallid poison in the green eyries above, would have been scandalized to know that I was thinking as much of Walt as of the trees. And the droning rumbumble of their gasoline pump, shooting a tall shower of liquid, was not unlike the spout of the white whale. I hope there really was whale-oil in the mixture.

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We found Walt's birthplace divinely solitary. The road is being repaired, and access was not easy; and our only fear—that of finding some other devotees also doing piety—was happily unwarranted. The friendly occupant of the house was away on holiday, and the day's milk-bottle sat demurely unopened on the little porch. In that, and in the disrupted roadway, placarded DANGER, perhaps we also discerned some possible symbolism; but we were too pleased with ourselves and with Walt to analyze intuitions. The wide unspoiled heaven burned with blue glamor, and sitting on the highwaymen's Danger sign, opposite the memorial boulder, we drank the potion of 1855. In its thin silver flask it was just delicately tepid by carriage on a publisher's hip. Of the pious, the nourishing, the harmonic qualities of that famous rye I shall not adequately speak; it is not my duty to sadden you. Few, in these hazard times, have been exterior to such syrup. Syrup is the word: it has the soft benison of cream, a circumflex accent, an unguent property; a meal rather than just a drink. The warmth and sorrow of 75 years was in that rye; it was (as Webster confides) a hardy perennial cereal with a flowering glume. The virtue of Pennsylvania earth had passed into it, for I think it was at Broad Ford in the Alleghanies that Overholt began distilling in 1810. Who will do me a memoir of old man Overholt? Do the genteel of Pittsburgh ever make pilgrimage to Broad Ford? M. K. and I remembered that our own Caliph, who was from those same Alleghany hills and was connoisseur of such matters, had estimated Overholt 1855 as the finest rye whiskey ever begotten. Broad Ford on the Youghiogheny (I hope for the honor of Pennsylvania that I spell the stream correctly)—what a place to visit. And at the same time I should like to see that other environ of Pittsburgh that has always lured me—Congruity, Pa.

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The same ember of inwardness was bright in that precious minim that was alive in Walt's mind as he hopeful-hopelessly set up the type for the *Leaves*. The oneness of everything was apparent in analogy. The little farmhouse, neatly closed and blinded for the holiday, kept its secrets to itself. At the side-door the lilac still grows; the old silvered shingles on barn and outhouses are, very likely, the same as they were in 1819. We left a clean copy of *Leaves of Grass* under the milk-bottle, as an offering of courtesy.

Is it not time, by the way, that something should be done about the fine striding open-air statue of Whitman that Jo Davidson made several years ago? It is a noble and thrilling conception of the open-road Walt, hat off, vest open, beard blowing, "a foot and light-hearted." There were plans for putting it on a rocky outcrop in Central Park, also at the Battery, but whatever commissioners preside over such choices seemingly could not agree. I think that Prospect Park in Brooklyn is the happy place for it. One of the loveliest experiences in the world is to see the surprise of human beings when they discover what Prospect Park is like. Brooklyn, always wisely secretive of her own treasures, says very little about it. Jo Davidson's Walt would be happy there. I wish the editor-in-chief of Prospect Park would give the statue a site; Brooklyn deserves it; Manhattan has had a plentiful chance and neglected it.

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Another thing Manhattan has neglected (as we have been remarking for some fifteen years) is a tablet to O. Henry on the old Caledonia, 28 West 26. It is twenty years today (June 5) since O. Henry died, and yesterday on secret impulse I rambled along 26th Street to think about him. The Caledonia is still there, in that drab region contested by the wholesale florists and the garment trades. *Southern Wild Smilax* says one sign, and *Broadway Legging Corp.*, says another; both would have had special meaning for O. Henry. The Vanity Brassiere Company, the Ben Hur Blouse Co., the Amber Lantern tea-room and *As-Sayeh*, the Syrian Daily, would be in his daily purview if he were there now, and he would see stories in them all. I notice that there's an apartment for rent in the Caledonia; I wonder if by any chance it's his?

Just across the street there are plenty of trim little tablets marking the offices of Vincent Astor and the Astor Estate. John Jacob Astor, deceased 1848, is commemorated in a shining brass plate. In his own very different way, O. Henry created holdings in New York not less valuable than the old fur merchant's. It would be a gracious handsome gesture if the Astor Estate would offer to put up a tablet on its neighbor the Caledonia, in memory of the undying unreal estate O. Henry created in the imagination of the city he loved. Realtor of the impalpable! Who is there who does not think of him with love and gratefulness, and with amazement at that extraordinary spendthrift power. On such a tablet perhaps one would write that line of his own that so often strangely recurs to mind—"He saw no longer a rabble, but his brothers seeking the ideal."—As a boy, he was freckled even to his feet, a Greensboro companion has told us. So were his stories, sprinkled with "contagion of the sun," mottled with the bewildering uncertainties of genius.

Speaking of places he lived, does the old Iron Front Hotel in Pittsburgh still exist? There, when he came from prison, he secreted himself to write before making his pilgrimage to New York. An Iron Front, bless his heart! He had it—and how he needed it.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

"Adams's Adamses"

THE ADAMS FAMILY. By JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1930. $4.

Reviewed by M. A. DEWOLFE HOWE

LESS than ten years ago Mr. James Truslow Adams, a relatively youthful veteran of Wall Street, stepped suddenly into a distinguished place as an historian with his Pulitzer prize-winning book, "The Founding of New England." It was no mere chronicle, but a work that revealed a power of generalization which its author, in several later books and in constant writing for magazines, has developed to the point at which he now stands. At this point it is in the character of a social and political philosopher quite as much as in that of an historian that he challenges observation, and the challenge is bound to be taken up by a multitude of readers, if only by reason of the Literary Guild's adoption of his latest book, "The Adams Family," as its offering for the month of June.

There is something inescapably right in the first words of the book, the opening sentence of its Preface: "The family whose story is told in this volume (and with which I am in no way connected) is the most distinguished in the United States." This established at once the importance of the writer's theme and the objective nature of his own approach to it. The House of Adams, indeed, provides a subject for study well-nigh unique, not only in the United States but in Europe. The continuous appearance of the members of this family, in immediately successive generations, occupying positions and exerting influences of the highest moment to their country, and that through no merely inherited privilege of birth and place but through sheer individual ability, is a phenomenon which can hardly be parallelled. Not a New Englander himself, Mr. Adams brings to the treatment of a peculiarly New England subject a point of view, detached, critical, yet essentially sympathetic, that qualifies him rarely for his task.

The result is a brilliant book. Technical experts in history and philosophy would not be what they are if every one of them should accept without question every statement of Mr. Adams concerning the two Presidents and their philosophical descendants. Yet this biography of a family, here shown forth in its vital unity of mental and spiritual characteristics, is a stimulating contribution to the study of American civilization. Through much residence abroad Mr. Adams looks with a certain starkness upon some of the more discouraging aspects of our national life. This, however, is rather to his advantage than to his detriment as an interpreter of the Adamses.

A sentence from one of the best pages of the book may be taken to summarize its drift: "The story of the family and its relations with its background is largely the story of how the first [the family] has insisted robustly upon a philosophy and an instinct of 'I' while the people, in the background, have insisted upon the deliquescence of all individuals,—leaders and led,—into 'we,' with all the manifold implications of that process." Mr. Adams wisely stops short of any application of his "I and we" theory to the highly coöperative scion of the family now associated with President Hoover's Cabinet.

Other Adams books are promised before the end of 1930—Mr. Worthington C. Ford's edition of Henry Adams's letters, and a ten-volume edition of Henry Adams's complete writings, with a biographical introduction by Mr. James Truslow Adams. If American history is "all cluttered up with Adamses," so too are the publishers' lists for the current year of grace. This shelf of new books will deserve consideration as a whole. Meanwhile "Adams's Adamses" will have set the scene, and will continue to stand alone as a notable achievement in the field of family biography. Were the field, in the very nature of the case, less restricted than it is, the example of this book might soon lead to its over-crowding.

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SOME RECENT FICTION

Pioneer Tennessee

LONG HUNT. By JAMES BOYD. New York: Charles Scribners Sons. 1930. $2.50.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

MR. BOYD in his capital story executes just the kind of task for which he is best endowed. He takes his own Carolina country in a period which he knows well, just after the Revolution. He describes a country full of the pioneer types—hunters, trappers, "movers," farmers, country lawyers and traders, land speculators—with which he has previously dealt so dexterously. He does not make the mistake of bringing in much raw historical fact and there are no historical figures, no Jacksons or Seviers, but the essence of history is infused into the book. In his choice of incidents and his descriptions Mr. Boyd mingles effectively a rough, homely realism, sometimes verging on coarseness, with a natural feeling for the romantic. Best of all, a strong narrative pulse beats in the body of the book, giving it heart and life. It is a tale that holds the listener.

There is no evidence in this book that Mr. Boyd possesses the greatest of a novelist's gifts, the ability to create living characters and to limn their mutations and development without a false stroke. His hero, the trapper Murfree, is never particularly real. Nor has the author expended any great ingenuity or originality upon his plot. It is a simple though poetic tale of frustrated love. But Mr. Boyd is a born story-teller. He has two talents of unusual excellence: he really sees the scenes into which he carries his reader—the mountain cove, the backwoods inn, the streets of Nashville about 1790, the lonely reaches of the Tennessee, the slave-coffle crouching in a thicket in fear of Indian attack, the siege of an isolated backwoods fort—and makes his reader see them; and he is adept in inventing a constant play of incident which pulls attention eagerly from page to page. These talents are partly inborn, and they have in part been nourished by the author's pains in immersing himself in the historical lore of the country and time. Doubtless bear fights are common in frontier literature, but we may doubt if any bear fight was ever quite so truly vividly told as the one in chapter eighteen of this book. Flatboat trips down the Mississippi, with stops at lawless Natchez and a visit to exotic New Orleans, are also common in fiction of this sort. But the reader of Mr. Boyd's book follows Murfree's voyage down the river and back with a feeling that his guide knows just what men really did and saw on such voyages.

The book is essentially a love story. Murfree, a rough fellow who takes his women as he can get them, finally finds a girl who makes him respect purity. He flees from her to make sure of his freedom, yet she draws him irresistibly back. But in that savage region love stories have to be played out against a background of adventure, danger, and fear. Mr. Boyd's hero finds his girl after his return from the wilderness, but finds her beleaguered by perils. In his dash to save her and her companions the book finds a tragic climax. It is not a great novel, and makes no pretensions to being one; but it is an absorbing tale, told with a striking grasp of the facts and feelings of a far-off time.

Thwarted Love

SEVERN WOODS. By EDITH RICKERT. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1930. $2.50.

Reviewed by CATHERINE WOODBRIDGE

A CRITIC who ventures into the field of original composition is an object of impatient interest to other critics. His knowledge is expected to foster distinction in expression if not in conception. Such expectation finds Edith Rickert's psychological study disappointingly conventional in both aspects.

Her theme is the familiar one of love thwarted by the mere details of living. Inseparable differences in the sexes make the daily routine of married life impossible for sensitive people. This thesis is modified at the outset by the fact that the lovers come from very different environments. Olwen is a product of her woods. Her life has been isolated and lonely in the extreme. She has never had any contact with the outside world while Anthony Kingsland is urban and cosmopolitan with the added complication of war-shattered nerves. Thus, conditions as to sex differences must take into account such contrast in environment as well.

The stage is ideally set, however, for love. Each has for the other the charm of the unusual and inexperienced. Anthony's life has never fostered constraint of any sort. Olwen's inhibitions, rooted in a well-ordered life quite free from temptation, are suddenly shattered by the death of her father, the only real anchor of her young restlessness. Principles bred of habit without the conviction of experience cannot stand the test of Anthony's presence, and a complete loss of equilibrium is the natural outcome.

The rest of the book deals with their struggle to find themselves. It is here that Miss Rickert turns away from essential human tragedy for the sake of minute psychological analysis. She chooses to deal with petty foibles and selfishness rather than with love or any other passion except purely physical desire. There is no nobility in either character. Despite the modern terms of physical necessity their attitude is the merest romanticism, and romanticism trying to cope with an unshaven husband at breakfast may be pitiful, but it is not thrilling, while a whole book of such struggles is depressing and monotonous. This monotony is increased by a strict adherence throughout the book to description by short scenes minutely detailed. In dealing with the death of Olwen's father the effect of broken glimpses is startlingly vivid, but when Miss Rickert seeks to achieve progress by a series of interviews where people dispense quantities of advice in a very short space, the effect is arbitrary and unnatural.

The story is written from the girl's point of view, and it is evidently intended to be her tragedy. Anthony's life is full of other interests, among which Olwen is simply a digression. For her the experience demands a recasting of life. But with neither courage nor common sense she goes through alternate agonies of desire and revulsion. She reads "Romeo and Juliet" and runs away from an unbecoming dressing gown. These shoddy and ludicrous details stick in the mind and cloud the universal conclusion which Miss Rickert would paint. Such a spineless personality as Olwen could not be expected to obtain any militant philosophy. She can only reach a purely negative resignation, but it is significant that she begins to glimpse this peace in the woods where she first met her lover. Her kinship is with the growing things of nature, and her solace simply to grow as they do. Are we intended to perceive the essential loneliness of womankind in a world of men? The photograph is too distressingly exact in petty detail. It remains specific. We cannot perceive beyond it anything of tragic import to humanity.

"Romantic" Spain

SPANISH HOLIDAY. By ELEANOR MERCEIN KELLY. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1930. $2.50.

Reviewed by ANGEL FLORES

AFTER reading Mrs. Kelly's five stories in her "Spanish Holiday," any Spaniard would naturally ask: "What fairyland has excited this lady?" The same old uncharted Utopia discovered by romantic Frenchmen and Americans in the nineteenth century still is, alas, very much in vogue, and very unsinkable. The Spaniards themselves have been trying very hard to place their native country on the map, to define their psychological latitude and longitude, their idiosyncrasies and ethos. Ganivet, Unamuno, Azorín, and, more recently, Ortega y Getset, have written essay after essay, but their works have somehow remained untranslated or unread. And so the alluring lie of the romantics reigns triumphantly, drugging the public, disappointing the poor tourists. In spite of a persuasive style, in spite of innumerable philological clichés—Spanish words run galore, unpleasantly italicized, misspelled, and misplaced—Spain is not to be found in Mrs. Kelly's holiday.

The book opens with a short story called "Feria." A Sevillian-Irish duchess runs about in a cab calling an irreproachable American, Jimmy Boothby, to come to her help. Later on she whistles Yankee Doodle in the hush of the night, and asks Jimmy to take her down to Tidewater (Gloucester County, Virginia), where she will collaborate with the Boothbys in the growing of poultry, small porkers, and, perhaps, "why not—a few good young bulls for the American *corrida* (her italics)—there is money in young bulls!" But Jimmy discovers at the last moment that the duchess is married. . . . "So? In your Virginia, then, gentlemen do not fall in love with married ladies?" Jimmy could have answered, "Nay, they prefer blondes," but all he says is: "My mother wouldn't stand for it. Why, I suppose there are fewer divorces in Virginia than in any state in the Union!" *Caramba!* (my italics), the thing is terribly unwhooped. The duchess goes back to her duke, and Jimmy to Tidewater. The reader gets, nevertheless, an excellent running and boxing of Easter-week bulls, Good Friday processions, gypsy dancing . . . in fact, most of the nice things Seville is famed for producing.

"Hombre de Amor" is the best story in the book, perhaps because it is the least Spanish. The heroine is Lady Millicent Jocelyn, a sort of Blessed Damozel who, after the death of her husband, keeps a studio at Deyá in Majorca, and likes to surround herself with protégé-painters. "Art, hell! What you're after, Lady Milly, isn't art, you know, it's just a kick. And you can't get your kicks vicariously." Lady Jocelyn wonders plaintively and moves resolutely after an unvicarious kick. She falls in love with the stone mason, and is about to marry him, when she discovers that the young fellow loves her maid, who had "the artless sweetness of a young Luini madonna." The saving grace of this story is that no tourist moralizing beclouds Mrs. Kelly's pen. It is a simple, charming narrative, aggravated by no Baedeker intrusions.

Mrs. Kelly's stories are widely read and enjoyed because they cleverly cater to the demands of a tired public that likes the taste of honey after a hectic day of subways, steel-riveters, and Wall Street tickers. It is the same public which still enjoys reading Théophile Gautier's "Voyage en Espagne" and the lyric advertisements of Thos. Cook & Sons, Ltd., about a land of castanets, smiling señoritas, and bullfights—a public that will always ignore the bitter pages of, say, Mario Praz's "Unromantic Spain."

Immigrant's Progress

AARON TRAUM. By HYMAN COHEN and LESTER COHEN. New York: Horace Liveright. 1930. $2.50.

PERHAPS it is fruitless to try to distinguish even an approximate share in this work of father and son. But it seems to us that for the elder it was a rendering of experience known and deeply remembered, for Lester Cohen a warm filial gesture having less to do with substance than contour. This need not be pushed too far; it is sufficient to say that the collaboration was unfortunate, adding not an artistic cubit to the relative obscurity of the one and the considerable repute of the other.

"Aaron Traum" sets out to chart the soul of an immigrant boy who "started in the gutter and ended with the stars." Following in a well-worn though inherently interesting groove—the tidal wave of Jews from the Slavic lands to the fabulous western world with streets of gold; the disillusionment in the midst of grinding poverty; the torment of the elders deracinated and confronted with the spectacle of the precious Talmudic beliefs ebbing in the hearts of their sons; the conventional types, chassidic dreamers, ancient *babbas* making magic, gross, money-crazed philistines, Semite doves going sinward; the sweatshops; the social revolt and the far dream; the spirit impinging upon a world of material values—following along in this familiar groove, it is in the handling that the work bogs down badly. There is pathos in the place of feeling, a ramble of form rather than spaciousness, plethoric detail where selection is a crying need. The style is a lush, cliché-burdened jumble, striving toward profundity and arriving at sheer macaronics:

> Earth—the caldron of creation . . . the primordial unrest of earth flowing in the veins of men . . . men seek—blindly, nobly, confusedly . . . the veins of men leaden with lust, salty with tears. . . . Man—ferment of earth . . . a thousand blood mixtures are his—goals to reach before the end. . . . And the primordial darkness waits, and wearies not, waiting for the return of the bit of ooze that has spluttered out of the caldron of earth. Time is long, life is short—man is what he needs to be—snatch, then, in your moment, at star or flesh-pot . . . ahoy! . . . ahoy! . . .

Even the share of vitality which the book possesses cannot insensitize against such flagrant artistic deficiencies.

The defection is all the more dismal when one remembers the younger Cohen's first two novels. They impressed by their mass and sweep. There was in them—they dealt with the middle-western industrial maw—the rush of stalwart lives; the feeling of time going in great strides, spewing up progress and levelling destinies to the dust; there was an aura of extended spaces. Both the story of the Pardways and "The Great Bear" were worked out with a prose instrument splendidly fit for the largeness of their conception; one gained from it the unusual sense of reverberation sounding deep down beneath precise, steely tonalities. Here, it seemed to us, was a new writer with span and an epic touch not to be taken lightly; one who might go on, sounding his own note, in the way of Frank Norris, untimely dead. And now this "Aaron Traum!"

The great epic of the East Side—it has not yet been written—will possess a vital legerdemain. It will have the power to draw the reader into emotional identification with its material; it will build up, that is to say, a perception which is cycloramic, so that we will not look down upon the living scene, or view it from a flat distance as on a plain, but instead we shall be brought to its centre, with the hue and the sound about us, beating upon our senses. It will have the quality of impassioned music, the literary equivalent of, say, Ernest Bloch's "Schemolo" for violincello. A Sabbath sublimity will be in it, and the long-drawn sick call of a rotting reed. It will be the vast, fearful gorge which is the New York Ghetto.

The First Dollar Novel

MURDER IN PARIS. By ALICE CAMPELL. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1930. $1.

THIS is the first of the dollar novels and good value it is at the price. Whatever time may prove as to the economic feasibility of dollar fiction, there can be no doubt that, since it is to be tried out, the detective story is the logical type of book to put into the dollar category. For here is the kind of fiction which is solely and purely entertainment, which once read loses for its purchaser all further interest, and which rejected or hesitated over if issued at a two dollar price may very conceivably be bought at lower cost.

This particular tale was a fortunate publication with which to initiate the new venture, for it is a good, lively yarn, with plenty of suspense, a mystery that remains baffling until the proper moment, and not more than a plausible amount of implausibilities. In presenting the adventures of an American girl who comes to solace an invalid French relative only to find her the center of a web of intrigue aimed at despoiling her of her fortune and resulting in her death, Mrs. Campbell has shown considerable ingenuity in inventing detail and facility in weaving it into a well-articulated plot. The story is interesting, and at times exciting, and provides better entertainment than is usually to be procured for a dollar.

Sir Hall Caine, who just celebrated his seventy-seventh birthday, went to London originally at the invitation of Rossetti. He lived with the poet-artist until the death of the latter.

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Round About Parnassus

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

TO take up Amy Lowell's "Poetry and Poets," her fifth posthumous volume, and to peruse "Imagist Anthology, 1930," a collection of new poems by Aldington, H. D., John Gould Fletcher, F. S. Flint, D. H. Lawrence, and others, including Joyce and Ford Madox Ford, is a strange experience to one who was fairly young and vitally interested in poetry in the days of what has been called its renaissance in America.

What emerges most interestingly to us from the late Amy Lowell's volume are her comments on Walt Whitman and Emily Dickinson, D. H. Lawrence and John Masefield. The first four essays are obviously lectures, spoken to audiences, couched almost in words of one syllable to make the layman understand certain simple things. Anything that was revolutionary in them then has now become axiomatic. The most interesting, "The Process of Making Poetry," is so because of its explanation of the author's own experience.

But one hears Amy Lowell talking again, and that is something, though it is not her best talk. We should rather go back to her work on the French poets, so vivid and refreshing when it first appeared. Yet "Music of challenge, how you ring on in my mind!" as Fletcher says of her in one of his best contributions to "Imagist Anthology, 1930." The new imagist anthology is, however, not presented as a challenge but as a parade, as Glenn Hughes remarks at the end of his foreword. Ford Madox Ford supplies the romantic nostalgia for "those days" in England when the young Lochinvars of art came out of America. Amy Lowell's dicta, in this latest gleaning from the great bulk of work she left unpublished in book form, are nothing at all new to those who fought with her and were inspirited by her in the old days. And the old guard on parade loses something of its splendor.

The truth is about this new anthology, for the gathering together of which we understand Mr. Aldington is responsible, that it does not contain anything of supreme moment. John Cournos reappears, with prose. Joyce's prose is a mere excerpt from "Work in Progress," already familiar to us through the pages of *transition* and *This Quarter*. We cannot find John Gould Fletcher's contributions of notable worth. D. H. Lawrence is represented chiefly by rather arid observations on image-making love. Flint's "The Making of Lilith" easily slides off the mind. Aldington himself, H. D., and William Carlos Williams come off better. Ford's two poems are practically negligible,—and, for the matter of that, Williams himself is only rather good in "Love in a Truck, or The Sea-Elephant." Aldington's "The Eaten Heart" starts off masterfully and—goes to pieces. Remaineth then H. D. It is she, of whom Ford speaks as one who "was at once our gracious Muse, our cynosure, and the peak of our achievement," who still retains something of that quality. In fact, she seems almost to have evolved a new metric and achieves quite a remarkable effect in her translations from the Bacchæ. If any further proof were needed of the genuineness of her gift, it is here.

Imagism brought a definitely valuable attitude toward the construction of poetry to the fore when it was worst needed. Of all the "isms" of the time, as Ford points out, it contributed something of permanent worth. Today the name of it is almost forgotten, but the principles are still strengthening modern verse. It roused a controversy that cleared an atmosphere which in America closely resembled the languid temperature of a hothouse. It smashed stained-glass windows and let in fresh air. The prime Imagist endures in H. D. Her work continues scrupulous in the extreme, and humanity has touched it more closely. Aldington, at his best, can be very fine. Pound would seem practically to be through. One hardly knows what more to expect of Eliot, but he was not of the movement.

It would not be such a bad plan to read the books we have mentioned, with a retrospective eye, when you read Margaret Anderson's "My Thirty Years War," anecdotal as she is concerning many whose work appears in the anthology, and also concerning Amy Lowell. There is no denying that that was a brave time, a most stimulating era for all the arts. And among the Imagists there were names that have come to stand in the forefront of twentieth-century poetry. They had not only a theory, they achieved as individuals.

We are speaking as though there were no battles waged today, no insurrectionaries any more; which is quite untrue. But there is, or seems to be, no particular pibroch to the clans, as there was in those days. The call to the New Humanism can hardly be called a pibroch. And the barriers to technical experimentation in poetry have been so broken down that journalists are no longer interested enough in the bizarre to talk about it in print. It is, indeed, hard to realize now just how stuffily poetry was regarded back in 1912, when Chicago sprouted dragon's teeth overnight, as it seemed, and New England let loose its own Cadmean horde.

There is a woman writing poetry in America to-day, who has, indeed, been writing it for some years, as well as remarkable prose,—who would have been an acquisition to the first Imagist anthologies. We mean Evelyn Scott, author of that monumental novel, "The Wave." After laying down the Amy Lowell book and the book Mr. Aldington has sponsored, we took up her recently published "The Winter Alone," and we must confess that we found it more vigorous and original than the other poetry we had just read. There is in it remarkable nimbleness of descriptive phrase and subtlety of thought that clearly communicates. Perhaps she comes off best in her poems concerning animals and birds, though her various landscapes are beautiful, and the concluding section, "To Death," contains much haunting matter.

Take at random her description of a phenomenon familiar to all in New York,

The airplane passed,
Snoring,
Ravaging the still air.
People were walking softly,
Filling the empty vases
With the beggary of autumn gardens.
Riding on the yellow splay,
Like glistered fingers,
That were gripping all the west,
The stiff-winged aeroplane went by,
Ploughing blackening quiet
Through the pulseless, ruddy sky.
People stopped, and wonder grew,
As with the fall of dew.

Or take her picture of

The panther,
A baby in gloves,
Springs,
Loose-hipped,
On sponge-soft paws,
To one end of her closet of confinement,
And returns.
Her jellied eyeballs clear with her secret,
Her blank pupils deride the ghosts
That are spectators.

Language as exact as this is rarely met with. And these are not the best examples we could present from her work. In almost every poem is some felicity of expression that fascinates. Her sea-gull, for another instance, "settles nimbly on a glassy mountain, takes a wave as though it were a blossom." We have never read a more perfect description of the alighting of a sea-gull on the ocean.

Evelyn Scott is a prime example of what the liberating influence of Imagism did for the poets who came after. She happens to be a writer so genuinely gifted that she was able to take the fullest advantage of the new freedom. She is not to-day with the extreme left who are striving with an intellectualization of poetry that results in many cryptograms. Compared with them her writing is as clear as rippleless water. Her moods are simple emotional moods. But she gives some idea of herself in an actual world and not in a vacuum. Not the least of her best poems is her tribute to her friend, Lola Ridge, of the

. . . soft stern eyes,
Reflecting bright pain
As sweet lakes reflect the brass of battle.

These two woman poets have something in common in their grasp of phrase. The idiom of each is intensely alive. We should like to see Mrs. Scott attempt a long poem; but for longer efforts she turns to prose. It is, at least, a pleasure to feel that here is another modern woman who cherishes a fiery respect for the potency of words.

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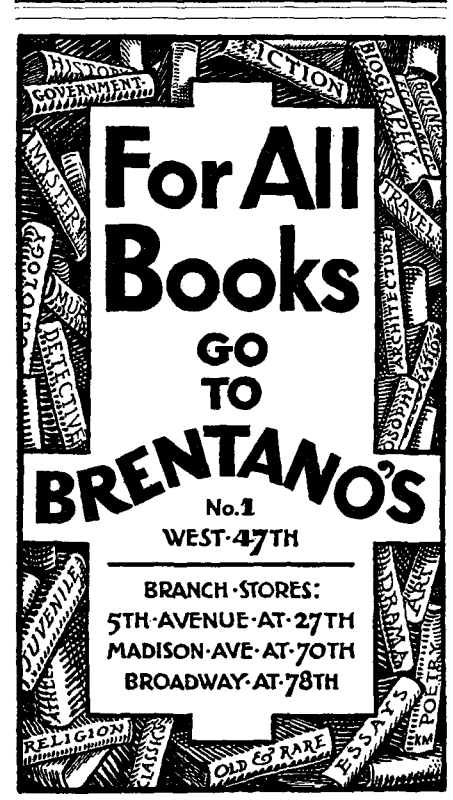

ANTARTICA
CHERRY GANNARD
Worst Journey in the World
London, 1922 1st edition
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Foreign Literature

An Historical Trilogy

ESCENAS DE LA GUERRA DEL PARAGUAY. By MANUEL GALVEZ. Buenos Aires: Editorial La Facultad. 3 vols. 1930.

Reviewed by HERMINE HALLAM-HIPWELL

FEW people, outside those who made a special study of Latin-American history after the wars of independence against Spain, know much concerning the tragic Paraguayan war which lasted over five years, 1865 to '70, and whose effects can still be felt in the whole of that impoverished and miserable republic. Freedom or death was the battle cry of the Paraguayans—regiment after regiment, first men, then, later, women and children, died during the years of war madness imposed upon the country and its people by Francisco Solano Lopez, the last of the South American tyrants. They fought against the Brazilians, the hated cambás, the Uruguayans, and the Argentines, women cheering them on to victory short-lived and tragic; they lived on oranges, on reptiles, died in their thousands of disease or hunger, or else were barbarously tortured and later murdered by orders of Lopez. Contemporary historians and travellers to Asuncion, caught in the toils of the war, have left vivid and almost unbelievably terrible descriptions of those war years. Inhuman cruelty pervaded life in Paraguay—for Lopez was the most bloodthirsty, the most insane of persecutors. And yet such was his personal magnetism, such his power over the minds of his people, that they died gladly for his sake, suffered all the agonies of starvation and disease in the midst of swamp-country, joyful to know that they were saving the republic from the hated foreigners.

Fed on lies and little else, Lopez's people, the gentle Paraguayans, part Spanish, part guaraní Indian, changed from peaceful rather indolent agriculturalists and traders into fighting furies at the order of a dictator. And this sudden change, followed, when peace was settled, by the apathy of despair, the knowledge of irretrievable losses in a cause which was neither just nor holy, is one of the most interesting aspects of the Paraguayan War. It is also an aspect which, until recently, has been very little studied by the historian of South America's development. Therefore, Manuel Galvez's latest trilogy, dealing extensively with the Paraguayan War, in which the author makes a point of emphasizing this change from gentleness to flaming cruelty, is particularly worthy of notice.

Manuel Galvez is one of the leading Argentine novelists. His works were at first remarkable for a rather striking realism, particularly in the two early novels, "Nacha Regules," translated into English, and "La Maestra Normal." His crudity of expression, however, has been mellowed by time and there can be no doubt concerning his position in the limited circle of Argentine novelists. His latest work reveals him at his finest, for he is a descriptive writer with a strong leaning towards the heroic and the epic—and in the Paraguayan War was a subject eminently suited to his pen.

After reading the many war books dealing with the 1914-18 struggle, Galvez's trilogy comes as a refreshing surprise—for the Paraguayan War in its savagery assumed certain epic qualities which the European War, of trenches and mud, lacked. Yet there are many points where the two wars are similar—the Allies, in this case the Brazilians and Uruguayans and Argentines, entered the war ostensibly to put an end to the unbearable pride and overweening attitude of the Dictator, it was a holy war that they were engaged in, a war to end war—in South America.

The war, which was to have been short and conclusive, a form of triumphal progress north to Asuncion, lenghtened into years of despair and of death. All the foremost young Argentine officers were killed, the Uruguayans lost the greater part of their forces fighting at Estero Bellaco, at Boquerón, or else of fever at Itatí, while the Brazilians, commanded by nobles of the Empire—the ill-fated Empire of the Brazilians—who believed that discretion was the better part of valor, suffered less yet added considerably to the general confusion.

"Humaitá," the second part of the trilogy, reads like the accounts of the great Plague of London, or the passage of Dante through the lowest of Hell's pits. Impossible to believe that human beings could endure all that the combatants suffered. Battle followed battle, warfare waged in the jungle of Paraguay as the Allied troops advanced slowly towards Asuncion, blood and fire everywhere, women repulsing the invaders crying out "Freedom or Death" and calling out "Long live the Carai," Lopez's guaraní name, while in the capital of the stricken republic Madame Lynch, the dictator's French mistress, sent into exile those ladies of the Asuncion aristocracy who in days gone by had ignored her, and Lopez himself received, delighted, the adulation of the people. Here Galvez is seen at his finest, not only as a writer but also as an historian. His characters are, without exception, simple soldiers, many of them illiterate gauchos of the plains, or else commanding officers chafing at the length of the war, the obstinacy of the enemy, the pride of the tyrant insisting on fighting to the very last ditch and there dying with the rest of his people.

"Jornadas de Agonia" is a continuation of "Humanitá," the same miseries, the same continual defeat of the Allies by the Paraguayans, the battalions of children, none of them over thirteen years of age, the exiled women sent out of Asuncion, the cold-blooded murder of leading Asuncion citizens, the death of Lopez's sisters and brothers, the cruelty and the persecution, so that the once smiling city, colonial and friendly, became a doomed place, where Lopez and La Lynch ruled during a reign of unparalleled terror.

The book ends with the death of Lopez, surrounded by Allied soldiers like a vicious animal at bay, proud and cruel to the very last. His body is taken to Asuncion, where the people who had lived in terror of his name so long, made a holiday of the day on which the corpse was brought to the capital for burial.

Galvez in writing this historical novel has been interested more in general motives, in the movement of the troops, the spirit and bravery of the soldiery and the character of leaders, than in the fate of individuals. There is no hero in this trilogy—for all its characters are heroic; men centre the reader's attention for a minute, then pass on. Equally heroic are the women in the trilogy, the Argentine women of the first book, the Paraguayan exiles, the Brazilian women prisoners. There is no place in the whole of this work for anything mean or selfish—even Lopez and Madame Lynch are great in their own perverted, mad, way. And therein lies the remarkable power of the work—surely the most important historical reconstruction yet attempted by an Argentine writer. Galvez takes no sides, merely describes in all its grandeur and all its pitifulness, the long years of one of the most useless and wasteful wars in the whole history of the Western Hemisphere.

Buenos Aires critics do not seem to have understood the full purport of this remarkably fine and powerful trilogy—the press notices were on the whole perfunctory. Yet there is no doubt that "Escenas de la Guerra del Paraguay" will, in years to come, be considered not only the finest among Manuel Galvez's writings, but also one of the most satisfactory historical novels written by an Argentine during the first quarter of the twentieth century.

Maxim Gorky, whose novel, "The Bystander," has recently been published here, has informed a European journalist that he has started on two new pieces of work. One of them, which will soon be published in Russia, treats of the famous Mendel Beilis case and the anti-Semitic campaign waged by a large section of the Russian press in connection with perjured charges of ritual murder. Gorky is quoted as averring that he is in possession of hitherto unpublished documents which will show how the whole trial was worked up, its political background, and the attitude of the Czarist officials. He thinks this book will be perhaps the most important source work for the fighting of the ritual murder slander and the exposing of the forgeries of pronouncements, protocols, and quotations from other works.

The second book is to be a history of anti-Semitism from its very beginning down to the present day, based upon what Gorky calls entirely new and absolutely reliable sources. This work is understood to be well advanced.

The "Epic of Savoy" ("Epopea di Savoia" di G. Manzoni, Libreria d'Italia, Milano), published in honor of the Royal Marriage, has for its nucleus five hundred sonnets celebrating the deeds of the long line of Princes of the House of Savoy. The author has made the work a valuable addition to any reference library by the vast number of biographical notes he has collected round each name and by numerous illustrations of old castles and royal residences in Savoy and Piedmont, reproductions of coins, seals, and coats-of-arms, and facsimiles of historical documents.

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"How long do you give the government at Washington to last?" Wister asked Roosevelt and Lodge, as they sat lunching in 1896. "About fifty years," was the astonishing reply.

●

"Why don't you look after Alice more?" a friend once asked Roosevelt. "Listen," he said "I can be President of the United States—or—I can attend to Alice."

●

Justice Holmes once wrote Wister about a book: "But then this lad could write this book, which must be a work of art. It can't be accident and naiveté. So let him survive—but as you prophesied he would, let him leave his garbage." The author was Ernest Hemingway.

●

"What have you heard recently from Walter Page?" a friend sitting with President Wilson asked. "I don't know what he's saying," replied the President, and pointed to a pile of letters on a table. "There are his letters. I haven't opened them."

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Points of View

D. H. Lawrence

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

In my previous letter to the *Saturday Review,* my intention was to disagree with Mr. Louis Untermeyer on his appraisal of D. H. Lawrence. In his reply Mr. Untermeyer naïvely sidestepped the real issue as to whether or not he was thoroughly familiar with Lawrence's prose, and proceeded to take me to task for certain dogmatic statements which I made regarding "creative theory." I admit that I should have qualified these statements, and am obliged to Mr. Untermeyer for his able instruction.

Now, Mr. Arthur Colton, in what purports to be a review of D. H. Lawrence's "Assorted Articles," has taken to cudgeling me, a mere correspondent, for my insistent dogmatism, to the extent that he almost entirely ignores the book in question.

Mr. Colton has not qualified, however, for more than the simplest generalized reproof, for he betrays a superficial knowledge of Lawrence, such knowledge gained, he states, from the reading of several novels and short stories. (Here I must remind Mr. Colton that "The White Peacock" is not a short story; it is Lawrence's first *novel.* Such pecksniffery is distasteful to me, but it confirms my suspicion that Mr. Colton is not a thorough student of Lawrence.) D. H. Lawrence has more than two score published works to his credit, and one must at least be familiar with their titles before coming to any real understanding of Lawrence's philosophy.

Mr. Colton is a dialectician of considerable attainments, but in this particular case the experience from which he builds his logic is limited and thin. After his meager reading, the reviewer states: "It appears now that he had a philosophy and was one crying in the wilderness the gospel of sex: sex is the fountain of art; in sex only is salvation. The Bergsonian 'élan vital' narrows somewhat to the Freudian 'libido,' and still further to the Lawrentian sex."

This is misleading, for it is only a part of Lawrence. Let us consider what Lawrence himself says about sex: "Sex as an end in itself is disaster . . . and there can be no successful sex-union unless the greater hope of purposive, constructive activity fires the soul of the man all the time." To Lawrence, sex is a means to an end, that end being the complete realization of the self in accord with mankind and the "cosmic flux." Thus it is a part of something greater; when completely realized, it leads on, itself, to something greater. It is only preparatory. In his own words: "a consummation in darkness preparatory to a new journey towards consummation in spirit." It implies that deep as the sexual motives are, there are other motives deeper and more extensive, and others deeper and more extensive than these again.

Regarding sex desire, Lawrence, in a recent magazine article, said: "For sex, to me, means the whole of the relationship between man and woman. Now this relationship is far greater than we know. . . . The relationship is a lifelong change and lifelong travelling. And that is sex. At periods, sex desire itself departs completely. Yet the great flow of the relationship goes on all the same, undying, and this is the flow of living sex, the relation between man and woman, that lasts a lifetime, and of which sex desire is only one vivid . . . manifestation."

It is an error to say, as Mr. Colton does, that the Lawrentian philosophy is a narrowing of the Bergsonian "élan vital" and the Freudian "libido." Lawrence has very much in common with Bergson, especially a mutual broadness, sometimes bordering on vagueness. Both men sense an "élan vital," but neither call it sex.

And insofar as the Freudian "libido" is concerned, hear what Lawrence in his book, "Psychoanalysis and the Unconscious," says about Freud: "With dilated hearts we watched Freud disappearing into the cavern of darkness, which is sleep and unconsciousness to us, darkness which issues in the foam of all our day's consciousness. He was making for the origins. We watched his ideal candle flutter and go small. Then we waited, as men do wait, always expecting the wonder of wonders. He came back with dreams to sell.

"But sweet heaven, what merchandise! . . . What was there in the cave? . . . Nothing but a huge slimy serpent of sex, and heaps of excrement, and a myriad repulsive little horrors spawned between sex and excrement. . . . Imagine the unspeakable horror of the *repressions* Freud brought home to us. . . . Gagged, bound, maniacal repressions, sexual complexes, dream monsters. . . ."

Lawrence writes further: "We must determine the nature of the true, pristine unconscious, in which all our genuine impulse arises—a very different affair from that sack of horrors which psychoanalysts would have us believe is the source of motivity. The Freudian unconscious is the cellar in which the mind keeps its own bastard spawn. The true unconscious is the well-head, the fountain of real motivity." Thus it seems that the Freudian "libido" is really a narrowing of Lawrence's conception of the unconscious, rather than the opposite.

One must always keep in mind that Lawrence is not a cold, rigorous logician; rather, he is an inspired, intuitional idealist. This idealism led him, I suppose, to sublimate sex, but never to worship it.

More of Lawrence's world-view is to be found in another book of essays, "Fantasia of the Unconscious," in which he develops the thesis begun in "Women in Love." Modern science, modern intellectualism, modern education, he explains, are aspects of disintegration—mechanical and dead. In their place he composes a new science, morphology, and cosmogony of his own. It all forms a kind of metaphysic, more definitely explanatory even than "Women in Love," for Lawrence still feels "the absolute need which one has for some sort of satisfactory mental attitude towards oneself." The European sciences, he believes, are all of the old dead world, "even biology never considers life, but only mechanistic functioning and apparatus of life."

Lawrence would account for things in a living way, construct a science in living terms, however great the apparent contradiction. Something much more like the old Greek philosophers—Heraclitus—something with more of alchemy in it, where there is mystery instead of mechanization.

This brings Lawrence into close sympathy with Bergson; for, as Will Durant says, "That which is best in Bergson is his attack upon materialist mechanism."

Regarding the *Sturm und Drang* in Lawrence, Mr. Colton rightly says: "Personally he never went through any bitter struggle for success," implying, however, that because of material fulfilment, mental ease followed in its wake. One who is familiar with the personal life of D. H. Lawrence, as well as with his writing, will be inclined to admit that Lawrence is an intensely autobiographical author. In "Sons and Lovers," "Women in Love," "The Rainbow," "Kangaroo," "Aaron's Rod," through "The Plumed Serpent" to "Lady Chatterley's Lover," runs a record of Lawrence's bitter struggle to realize the truth of his relationship to himself and to the world.

From my knowledge, as an amateur musician, of Beethoven's life and music, (he, too, "never starved in a garret"), I am inclined to believe that his music was no less a "katharsis" to him than it has been to the world. In the same way, I am tempted to believe, Lawrence's writing, plus his traveling and painting, acted as a safety-valve for his highly sensitive and overwrought mind. Of course, such theory, as I have been ably reminded, is highly disputable.

I must mention, however, one or two incidents which will perhaps help strengthen my theory. Lawrence's wife, Frieda von Richtofen, a highly cultured German woman, was a naturalized British citizen. During the war, Lawrence had been conscripted but rejected for service because he was consumptive. (Incidentally, he was passionately opposed to the blind war-frenzy that swept Europe; it shook his faith in men, as it did Bertrand Russell's). This official rejection was followed by a nightmare of hounding and persecution, not only of Lawrence, but of his wife as well, by British authorities. Apparently, because he was short, wore a beard, and looked like a foreigner, and because his wife was German, they were both branded as spies, and allowed no peace or privacy. The chapter entitled "The Nightmare" in "Kangaroo," gives a vivid description of this.

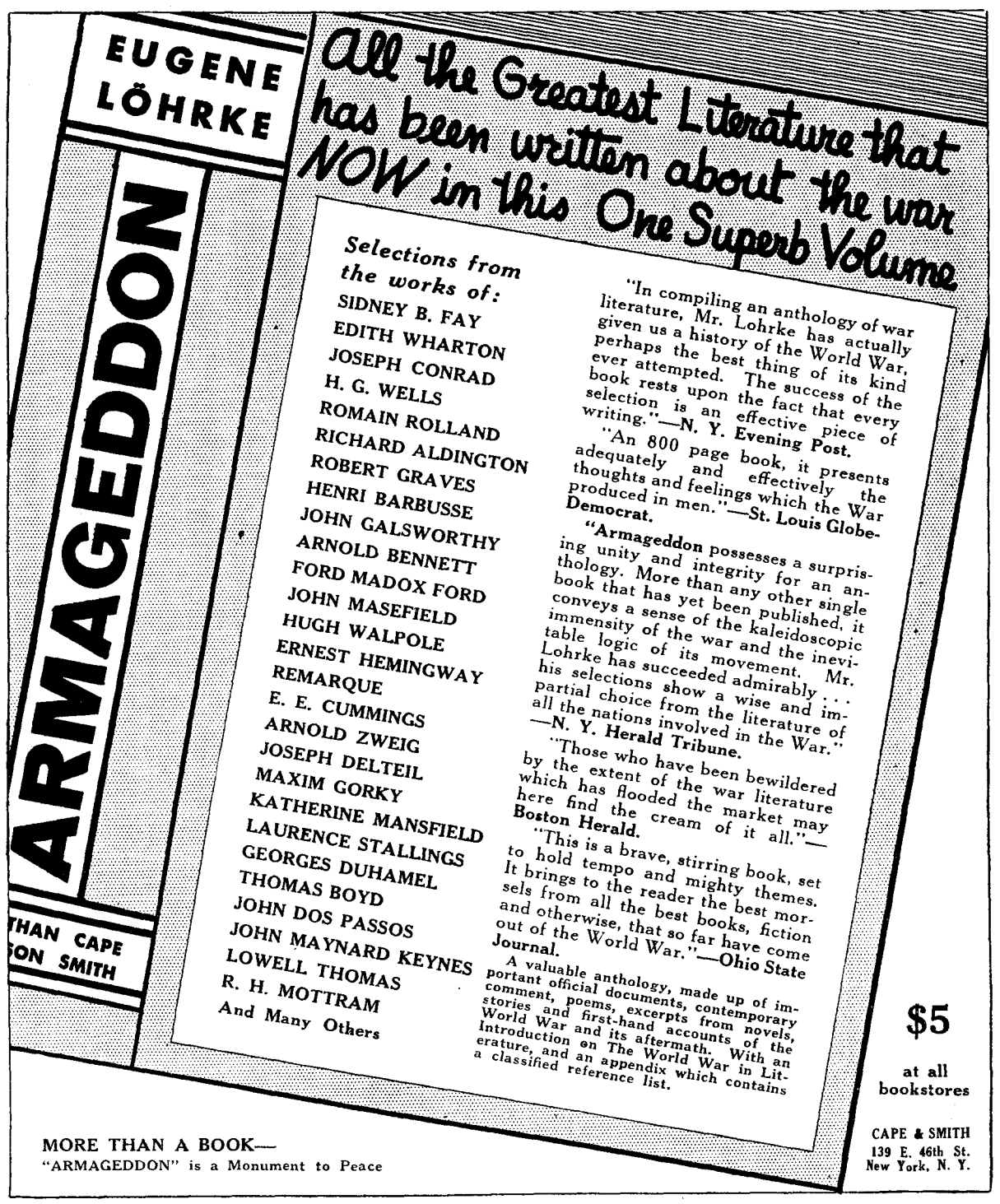
In addition to this persecution, "The Rainbow," the work of Lawrence's heart in which he poured out his sheer joy in living, had been banned by the British authorities as "obscene."

These two factors caused a period of literary sterility. Lawrence was terribly hurt, numbed by man's apparent injustice and misunderstanding—but not for long. He remarshalled his old beliefs, and tempered by suffering wrote at passionate length, as Mr. Stephen Potter in his creditable study of D. H. Lawrence, says, "all the unwritten stuff inside him. He wants to account for everything that has happened." With a naïve belief that high sincerity would in the end carry conviction, Lawrence wrote "Women in Love," "Lady Chatterley's Lover," and the essay "Pornography and Obscenity"—over a period of some years—as vehement answers to dirty-mindedness.

Wishing to avoid a personal controversy with Mr. Colton on such a highly debatable subject as "creative theory," I will pass over several instances in his review in which he seems to have misquoted my original letter in order to make a point.

Meanwhile, as to what inspired the perplexing, but withal beautifully ideal "heretic," one must leave to the sincere and thorough reader of D. H. Lawrence.

LAWRENCE POWELL.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"The Ivory Tower"

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
SIR:

For some time I have been puzzling over the origin of the well-known phrase "Ivory Tower." It has been used occasionally as the title of a novel; and there are allusions to it in the poets. Recently a passage was called to my attention in Francis G. Gummere's "Democracy and Poetry" (Boston: 1911), pp. 211-212, as follows:

> We keep repeating Sainte-Beuve's phrase about the poet in his ivory tower; but there are two ivory towers, and the reader's seclusion is as important in its way as the poet's own.

I should be grateful to any of your readers who would enlighten my ignorance as to the origin of the phrase or the significance of the allusion in the cited passage.

H. BARRETT LEARNED
Washington, D. C.

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Belles Lettres

A GUIDE TO BOOKS FOR CHARACTER-FICTION (A Bibliography). By EDWIN DILLER STARBUCK and Others. Macmillan. 1930.

This, the second volume of a series, is a new contribution to the field of literature. It is the result of a project which has been carried on in the Institute of Character Research in the State University of Iowa. The Guide presents lists of the best fiction for children and young people for the school grades six to nine inclusive. The classifications, containing 663 selections, have been made from the entire field of fiction. They are arranged variously according to several purposes: the chronological age for which they are best suited, the school grade in which they can be read successfully without supervision, their relative worth for character and cultural development, the specific moral situations involved, and the exact human attitudes and traits involved. The work is by no means just another "book list." It is unique in that it has been compiled from all available fiction and there has been scientific control of all judgments as regards merit, placement, attitudes, and situations. It is very useful and usable. The few short chapters which precede the "Book List" itself are filled with valuable suggestions. The volume will be more than welcomed by all concerned with the selection of literature for children and young people.

CAPISTRANO NIGHTS. By ST. J. O'SULLIVAN and CHARLES E. SAUNDERS. McBride. 1930. $2.50.

This is one of those books that just misses being noteworthy; it misses, perhaps, by the margin of sentiment verging too close on sentimentality which cloys every reference to the California Missions. It is badly named for one thing, since Capistrano in this connection connotes nothing more important that the much advertised quality of its background. The book is a compilation of Spanish California folklore, collected by Father O'Sullivan in the neighborhood of San Juan Capistrano, but with very little beside the name to differentiate it from the same lore in any other Spanish neighborhood in California or New Mexico, or Arizona, for that matter. Charles Francis Saunders has compiled the book with a trifle too sugary care with unimpeachable Spanish, and a respect for his sources that evinces the genuine folklorist temperament. The book is not without value, since the Spanish versions of local Indian tales are almost all that are preserved to us of the aboriginal culture that the Missions so ruthlessly destroyed. It is precisely the sort of book that people who like to moon about the Missions will love to read aloud to one another. The suggestion it carries is that if Mr. Saunders devoted himself to folklore seriously and to his field in particular, he might perform a more important service to California history than to sentimental reminiscence about the Missions.

Biography

MYSELF AND THE THEATRE. By THEODORE KOMISARJEVSKY. Dutton. 1930. $3.75.

Theodore Komisarjevsky has here written a loose and haphazard account of his career in the European Theatre, and interspersed it with his own theories of acting and directing. From the colorless writing of the book one is never aware of the full stature of M. Komisarjevsky as a force in the theatre. His associates, whether Stanislavski, Mayerhold, Bakst, or many others, he surrounds with little of the glamor that we know is theirs. As a result, M. Komisarjevsky appears to live up to the full-scale heights which these men have attained in their years of devotion to the arts of the theatre.

His theory of the "synthetic theatre" that combines the elements of opera, ballet, and drama, is arresting if not new. The chapter on acting seems pedagogic rather than creative; although the art of his sister Vera, one of Russia's finest actresses and founder of the Russian Symbolist Theatre, he analyzes with penetrating and sympathetic vigor. "Myself and the Theatre" has none of that sensitive insight that makes Stanislavski's "My Life in Art" so stimulating. Nor is it particularly interesting from the point of view of factual information. Neither does it inform the reader of the exciting personality of M. Komisarjevsky, the man of the Theatre.

TEN THOUSAND SHALL FALL. By Soldier 8046 of The Foreign Legion, DAVID KING. Duffield. 1930. $2.50.

This is a comparatively short, entirely straightforward account of a young American who enlisted in the French Foreign Legion and fought through most of the war. In 1915 he was transferred to the regular French Army, and in 1917 to the American; during this last phase of his enlistment he was sent to Berne, where he worked in the counter espionage section. After the Armistice he was given duties at the Peace Conference, where, in his own words, he "stayed on and helped arrange for bigger and better wars."

The narrative is apparently not touched up or fictionalized; it is jumpy, and only occasionally good reading. For the most part purely factual, telling of blood, carnage, and suffering, it adds little to our knowledge of the war or of men in the war. The most impressive passages are those describing the fighting at Verdun in 1916. On the whole, this record of David King's experiences is chiefly valuable to us as one more voice added to the vast chorus of our generation: "War is hell."

The book is illustrated with many snapshots taken (supposedly by King himself) during the various episodes he describes. Alan Seeger appears in some of these snapshots, and he is casually mentioned several times during the narrative; he was with King in the Legion days.

Mr. Van Loon contributes an emotional preface. It is much better reading than the body of the book.

Fiction

LIGHTS OF FAME. By WALTER GILKYSON. Scribners. 1930. $2.50.

Mr. Gilkyson plays with currently interesting ideas in this novel, and it is often pleasant to watch his mind dart here and there. But as a narrative, "Lights of Fame" does not quite come off; it is too thinly scattered, lacking force and direction. This definite weakness makes us suspect that perhaps Mr. Gilkyson is not a natural storyteller.

These ideas of his are highly miscellaneous: scientific, political, ethical, social. They are set forth in long discussions of divorce, prohibition, domination of politics by big business, wireless transmission of power, or the relation of the artist to society. These discussions are almost always intelligent, though they often become tiresome. Defeated by this apparently interminable talk, the story lags and declines until it finally loses pace entirely. The last chapter is a complete failure. About the only thing that we bring away from the novel is a picture of what is represented to be the solid aristocracy of Philadelphia. Mr. Gilkyson is alert to many surfaces of modern thought, but "Lights of Fame" is far from a good novel.

TWO WIVES. By GEORGE CORNWALLIS-WEST. Putnam. 1930. $2.50.

In days before the war Mr. Cornwallis-West was something of a celebrity to the public which delighted in the gossip and scandals recounted in the Sunday supplements of most newspapers. He had been twice married to women of the greatest distinction, both considerably older than himself, and consequently his doings and those of his family became matter of public interest. While these echoes have largely died away by now, the appearance of a book of his with the startling title, "Two Wives," might naturally be expected to hold some connection with the author's past history. But as a matter of fact, "Two Wives" is nothing more than an unpretentious first novel, without apparent reliance upon the legends which rumor has build up around the name of Cornwallis-West.

Although the author has had some previous experience as a biographer, his novel shows clearly that he is not a practised writer. Awkward in expression and sometimes preposterous in plot, the story nevertheless has a certain mild charm, since it makes no attempt at being anything more than a story. After a good deal of ill-luck the hero is brought safely to the port of matrimony with the right woman, who is not the wealthy woman chosen by his mother, but (of course!) the angelic French milliner who has already borne his child. Hampered by inexperience in expressing the real value of the situation, Mr. Cornwallis-West is at his best in the lighter parts of the

(*Continued on next page*)

Four of the Best

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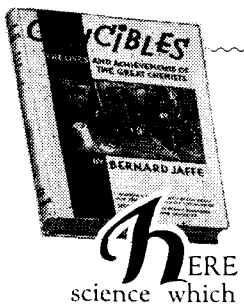

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The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from preceding page*)

book, especially the authentic and enthusiastic descriptions of fly-fishing and shooting in Scotland, in which he displays expert knowledge at last, after giving us many opinions and situations and characters based on convention and hearsay. It is possible that the author has a future as a novelist, but upon the evidence of this first attempt it would seem that he was by temperament more suited to the sporting field than the printed page.

THE EXCURSION TO TILSIT. By HERMANN SUDERMANN. Liveright. 1930. $2.50.

The four stories of Sudermann which Mr. Lewis Galantière has translated in this volume rank with the best of the German author's work in treatment, if not always in substance. Though in scene and characters they are somewhat localized, depending more upon Lithuanian atmosphere and types than upon inherent strength of plot for their attractiveness, they are sufficiently well done to retain their life and vigor in English. The first story, after which the book takes its title, is an outwardly gloomy affair telling how a young peasant, seduced by another woman, determines to drown his wife on the way home from a trip to Tilsit (apparently offered as a sort of parting gift to her). In the course of the day, after drinking a bottle of sweet wine, they become reconciled, and on the way home he confesses his previous intentions to her. A storm comes up in which the husband is drowned, while the wife is saved by the very means he had provided originally for his own escape after upsetting the boat.

All this is told in a vein of sympathetic humor and hearty sentiment which recalls the less grim Russians rather than anything Teutonic in origin. It is often far from subtle, but in its way the blend of satire with the pathetic is extraordinarily effective. Peasant characters are well presented, and the local color is, of course, accurately and not too sparingly applied. Sudermann's knowledge of this borderland between Slav despair and German pessimism serves him well even in the creation of such stock types as the humorous marriage broker who plays a part in "Jons and Erdma," whose long saga is particularly good. They begin life with nothing, work very hard for many years in order to arrive at the magnificence of owning their own home and their own cattle, and finally after losing everything through the ingratitude of their children, begin all over again. The trials and tribulations of "The Hired Girl" and "Miks Bumbullis" are equally biblical in tone, but the treatment is constantly equal to the task of leavening the slightly heavy mass of the plot, while Sudermann's native comic sense lends a human quality often lacking in the more brutal or over-refined work of his German contemporaries.

LISBETH OF JARNFJELD. By JOHAN FALKBERGET. Norton. 1930. $2.50.

This is a tale of smouldering hatreds, dark passions, of people penned in a little mountain village, and caught in the web of their thwarted desires. A valley man chained to a mountain farm, and hating it, a mountain woman who had married in spite and loathed her husband, a girl driven to suicide, a clergyman untrue to his vows —these make a formidable list of characters who enact a gloomy tragedy. It is a tragedy of a type familiar enough in various forms in Scandinavia whose intensity will be missed by the American reader unless he comprehends the force of tradition exerted upon a peasant by the soil that has been in his family through hundreds of years. The love of place is a basic emotion with him only partially disrupted by modern civilization.

Mr. Falkberget is a writer of pronounced romantic tendencies which have intruded upon and to a large extent stultified a realistic study. On opening the book, the reader is plunged into a phantasmagoric world, a land of violent natural beauty and dark, enormous figures that never become real despite all the homely detail that the author gives. Lisbeth remains an obsession fighting with a hatred for a tradition; her son, the defeated artist-blacksmith, becomes a symbol rather than a reality; and the clergyman represents the forces of remorse and religion. It was the author's obvious intention to show how the isolating mountains have bred strength and then turned that strength back upon itself; how forces frustrated have become morbid; and how powerful instincts have broken through the conventions of society. This intention is blunted, however, by the dreamlike quality of the idealized characters, and the rather romantic and cloudy Fate that seems to hover over them.

What does remain with the reader is the background: the slow passage of the seasons, the aspect of the mountains, in winter, in starlight, and in summer. Here Mr. Falkberget displays his not inconsiderable powers of description thoroughly and well.

EX-BABY. Covici-Friede. $1.

A PRISONER IN BABYLON. By *Madeline D. Strain*. Macaulay. $2.

THE LOVE-LIFE OF BYRON CALDWELL SMITH. New York: Antigone Press.

WITHIN A BUDDING GROVE. By *Marcel Proust*. Translated by *C. K. Scott Moncrieff*. Modern Library. 95 cents.

ORIENTAL ROMANCES. Edited by *Manuel Komroff*. Modern Library. 95 cents.

GLORY'S NET By *William T. Tilden, 2nd*. Doubleday, Doran.

Juvenile

(*The Children's Bookshop will appear next week*)

THE SPINDLE TREE. By AGNES CROZIER HERBERTSON. New York: Nelson. 1930. $1.60.

A small nonsense fairy-book for the six- to ten-year-olds. Here are adventures, like Polyanna and the Wizard of Oz, about a gnome with his little house and his Spindle Tree. Of no significance to grown-ups, but with good English, good drawings, and quite to the childish palate.

IGLAOME: The Lone Hunter. By HAROLD MCCRACKEN. Century. 1930. $1.75.

We were about to say that Iglaome is another impossible boy wonder from the regular stock-rooms. The lad goes out into the Alaskan blizzard to find caribou when the experienced hunters have failed, and gets three. He falls into a river and instead of freezing to death, manages to put it off. He dares to hunt The Flaming Bear and brings down a phosphorescent one. He vanquishes walrus and bullies, poachers and pirates, until it begins to seem prepostorous;—and then we read that Mr. McCracken, at the age of twenty, organized and led his first scientific expedition to Alaska, where he lived with the natives for two years. This certainly ties Iglaome and we don't know what to believe. There is a lot of good local color in this book, but we doubt if the conversation ever saw an igloo, which, with the author's opportunities to present something genuine, is a pity.

PAL: The Story of An Airedale. By ALEXANDRA C. JENKINS. Appleton. 1930. $1.50.

The story of Pal is very sympathetically told from the puppy point of view, beginning in the dog-shop where canine snobbery reigns, through exciting adventures with skunks, porcupines, bees, and other dogs in the summerhouse of Pal's new Master and Mistress, to the end, when the airedale returns to the quieter town house to dream of country enemies and buried bones left to "ripen" over the winter. With the exception of a few natural history facts about squirrels and bees, etc., which are dragged in, this little book will be found as amusing to the grown-up reader-aloud as to his youthful listeners. Children from five years on would appreciate it if read aloud, and the seven- and eight-year-olds might well choose it for "silent reading" if an occasional out loud chuckle be allowed.

THE TRAIL OF THE RAGGED FOX. By PITT L. FITZGERALD. Macræ Smith. 1930. $2.50.

Mr. Fitzgerald has laid his adventure in the Pennsylvania wilderness in those years before Braddock when the Indians were as yet uncertain whether to destroy the English or the French. The Ragged Fox is Gregory Neil, a near-Philadelphian, who finds himself (on page 2) surrounded by some inimical Ottawas searching for a Louis Montour. Neil, escaping, falls down a hole at the bottom of which is this Montour, and the two of them have a time of it carrying a message across leagues of peril. Each day is full of surprises, woods-travel, friendship, and hostility. A scalp is tossed off with less thought than a glass of wine in these days. Jean Cœur, the villain, is reached and by a pretty trick, quite possible to anyone who does not mind carrying a hornets' nest around with him, the vacillating Indians are turned into allies of England. All of this happens without any tedious waiting, but the best thing in the book is the forest and the sense of being in it. These pages, it is announced, are from "Ye Journel of Gregory Neil, Esq." If so, young Neil had remarkable skill in anticipating a style common to much contemporary boys' fiction. The book has been chosen by the Junior Literary Guild.

I SPEND THE SUMMER. By JAMES S. TIPPETT. Harpers. 1930. 75 cents.

This is a collection of comfortable and pleasant little jingles for children of ten years or older, a companion to "I Live in a City" and "I Go a'Travelling" by the same author. Any child will be interested in the subject matter, which concerns the summer vacation of a small boy, beginning with the first family discussion as to "where to go," and ending with the happy return home. The eager preparations for departure, the motor trip, camping on the way, all are pictured in detail. There is a week on grandmother's farm, with all the attendant joys of horses, cows, sheep, pigs, ducks, geese, and even a litter of fascinating puppies, providentially arriving for the occasion. Then the summer itself is spent beside a lake in the mountains, where there are many opportunities for happy adventures on land and water.

With the return to school each child tells of his vacation experiences and displays the treasures acquired, the surprising discovery being made that the one who stayed at home has had as good a time as the others!

Miscellaneous

A HISTORY OF MUSIC. By GRACE GRIDLEY WILM. Dodd, Mead. 1930. $3.

To provide for the novice an *aperçu* of the whole field of musical history which will be neither too formidable nor too innocuous presents a threefold problem of condensation, inclusion, and exclusion. This problem solved, there still remains the matter of emphasis and judgment to aid the amateur in forming his point of view and perspective.

The present volume of Grace Gridley Wilm's—herself an excellent performer and educator of experience—attempts to solve this problem in a simple, untechnical way that will make a pleasant introduction to the main currents of musical development. In certain definite ways Mrs. Wilm succeeds admirably, especially in the condensation of her material and in the biographical portions of her book. In her sympathetic treatment of individual composers, and in her inclusion of essentials, she renders in the main a distinct service to the musically unlettered.

In matters of emphasis and balance, however, some issue might be taken. It is not clear, for instance, why the name of Zeelandia should be the only one mentioned in the important Gallo-Belgian school of the fifteenth century, while in a later period names as prominent as Allegri's and Anerio's should receive no mention at all. If Palestrina's works are "exclusively church music, *a capella*," what of his madrigals and ricercari? Upon what grounds can Kuhnau be rated as the greatest clavier composer before Bach? A work of this kind—one which is to guide the first steps of the amateur—should not risk the disturbing results of anything like tentativeness of judgment. Too frequently throughout the book estimates of composers of unquestioned importance are vitiated by a qualifying "perhaps" or "is said to be." The beginner needs more decisive judgments to guide him in his first conceptions. Moreover, the connection between men and periods is not always clearly established. Why is it significant that Gombert was "a Dutch musician who went to Madrid"? Just what did Haydn gain from his study of a certain set of Emmanuel Bach's sonatas that gave him such an impetus? In what respects did Weber point the way along which Wagner was to follow? After all, the gradual rise of the bi-thematic sonata as crystallized by Haydn and the development of the *leit-motif* before its culmination in the works of Wagner are important for the uninitiated to understand. The necessity of accuracy and balance increases in proportion to the condensation of our material.

A closing chapter on the Musical Map of to-day, a workable bibliography, and lists of illustrative phonograph records make the book valuable for the novice in musical history, and an excellent chapter on the Origin of Art written by the author's husband, Professor E. C. Wilm, furnishes a desirable esthetic approach to the historical side of music appreciation.

RATIONAL INDUCTION. By *Homer H. Dubs*. University of Chicago Press. $4.50.

HENLEY'S TWENTIETH CENTURY BOOK OF RECIPES, FORMULAS, AND PROCESSES. Henley. $4.

SOCIAL ORIENTATION. By *Philip L. Seman*.

CATALOGUE OF DRAMATIC PORTRAITS IN THE THEATRE COLLECTION OF THE HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY. Harvard University Press.

STUDIES IN THE ORGANIZATION OF CHARACTER. By *Hugh Hartshorne, Mark A. May*, and *Frank K. Shuttleworth*. Macmillan.

THE LONG LOST FRIEND. By *John George Hohman*. Harrisburg: Aurand Press.

CONSERVATION OF OUR NATURAL RESOURCES. Edited by *Loomis Havemeyer*. Macmillan. $4.

JOHNSON, BOSWELLA AND MRS. PIOZZI. Oxford University Press.

THE DINNER KITCHEN COOK BOOK. By *Ethel P. Howes* and *Doris M. Sanborn*. Northampton, Mass.: Smith College.

BROKEN MELODY. By *M. J. Spivack*. New York: Talking Picture Publishing Co.

OUR PERFECTING WORLD. By *Manecksji Nusserwarji Dhalla*. Oxford University Press. $5.

COMMUNIST AND COÖPERATIVE COLONIES. By *Charles Gide*. Translated by *Ernest F. Row*. Crowell. $2.50.

CHARACTER EDUCATION BY STATE AND CHURCH. By *Harold S. Tuttle*. Abingdon. $1.50.

TENTS OF THE MIGHTY. By *Donald Richberg*. Willett, Clark & Colby. $2.50.

THOUGHT IN ENGLISH PROSE. By *J. C. Dent*. Doubleday, Doran.

ABOVE POMPEII. By *Ernest H. Wilkins*. University of Chicago Press.

A WALK TO HORACE'S FARM. By *E. K. Rand*. Houghton Mifflin. $2.50.

HOUDON IN AMERICA. *Johns Hopkins Press*. $3.50.

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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, 2 Bramerton St., Chelsea S.W.3, London, England.

T. H. H., New York, is going to be married and asks if there is a book about housekeeping, not a cook-book.

THERE are so many that one could build a neat bookcase alongside the sink and find some use for all the volumes that filled it. But my advice is to go slow, adding a book at a time as the field widens, and beginning with the new edition of a tried companion, the "Marketing and Housework Manual," by S. Agnes Donham (Little). This is a remarkable instance of what can be done in the way of direct, simple, and plain directions for making things go well in the home: it is meant for any sort of house and can be used as well in a city apartment; though housekeeping there is so much simplified that New Yorkers forget that coal ranges do exist and even a kerosene stove or so may still be found in operation. With this I would get "The Shopping Book," by W. H. Baldwin (Macmillan); indeed I would get it before I bought furniture, household linens, or anything meant to wear and remain beautiful, for it is full of sound and needed advice. In arranging and equipping the house I would consult "The Efficient Kitchen," by Georgie Boynton Child (McBride), for it saves steps and brightens life to an amazing extent. I have now a beautiful kitchen, complete with cat, and the fact that I take all my meals out permits it to remain in a state of comparative spotlessness to which no kitchen of mine ever before attained.

O. L. A., Lafayette, Ind., asks if there is a good English translation of Becquer's works, for one who reads no Spanish and not much French.

WE have in English "Infinite Passion: Being the Celebrated Rimas and the Letters to An Unknown Woman," translated by Young Allison (Chicago: Hill). For the student of Spanish there are several school editions of selected tales, legends, and poems, with vocabularies and notes, published by Brentano, Appleton, and Ginn.

I HAVE been sending on to the blind girl in Mount Airy, Pa., who is losing her hearing, the letters that have come with suggestions and advice; some of them may, however, be useful to other readers. *K. J. M., Madison, Wis.*, reminds us that in this very place, Mt. Airy, is the Pennsylvania Institute for the Deafened, from which help might be obtained, and that the address of the Phipps Unit is D. C. Phipps, 51 Gloucester Street, Boston. *M. V. D., Columbus, O.*, says that any information regarding phases of work with the deaf or deafened will be gladly supplied by Miss Betty C. Wright, secretary for the American Federation of Organizations for the Hard of Hearing, 1601 35th Street N.W., Washington, D. C., and first-hand and enthusiastic reports on the Phipps Unit from Miss Mildred Kennedy, Speech Readers Guild, 339 Commonwealth Avenue, Boston, and information on lip-reading from the New York League for the Hard of Hearing. "And may I suggest," she says, "that in place of digital lip-reading, which is not only extremely difficult for the learner but unpleasant to the persons whose lips and throat are read, that Miss Mullins try learning the manual alphabet, spelled into her hand. It would take her mother not over an hour to learn the single-hand manual alphabet, and no future degree of deafness would render it useless. If she has still enough hearing to make use of the Phipps Unit she could also still enjoy the radio by means of the so-called Ear Muffs—two loud-speaker units attached to a head-band. They can be obtained for twelve dollars or made by any radio-technician, directions to be found in one of the back numbers of the *Volta Review*. This magazine, published in Washington, D. C., is maintained by the fund Alexander Graham Bell obtained when he was given the Volta Prize. It splits this very month into two magazines, *The Volta Review*, dealing with problems of teaching the congenitally deaf, and *The Auditory Outlook*, dealing with problems of those who have lost their hearing after speech has been learned. Both are published at the Washington address given above."

I have received a letter from Miss Mullins herself, not dictated to her mother but actually written, laboriously but perfectly, in a clear, small, round hand, a letter from across the terrible barrier, bright, sweet, and unforced. The correspondent who wrote about her first, G. V., Glenside, Pa., said of my note to which this was a reply, "It arrived a few hours before my weekly visit; she hadn't experienced such a thrill since that day, about three weeks ago, when she first attempted lip-reading and mastered it in a few hours. I'll never forget the triumphant pride with which she told me that it was no longer necessary to trace the letters on the back of her hand. 'Just speak naturally; I'll follow you' she said. Scarcely daring to make the attempt, I complied, almost trembling at the possibility of another failure like that of the Phipps Unit. But she never missed a word. The success of our conversation emboldened me to open once more a half-finished book which we had feared she would never be able to finish. Believe it or not, I found it impossible to read the text too rapidly for her sensitive fingers and quick brain to grasp every word. Many of the phrases were classical allusions of the less familiar sort, but old friends to Bertha, who knows her Homer as thoroughly as she has memorized the scores of Beethoven symphonies.

"Of course, she still misses *hearing* her beloved music, but she never complains, and in fact, since her mastery of lip-reading, the atmosphere of her sickroom has been one of gay triumph over tremendous obstacles. She always makes me feel ashamed of myself for getting blue over a cold in the head or a shortage of ready cash. Don't feel obliged to reply to this outburst. I know you're terribly busy, but also that you have a heart. So I couldn't keep the good news to myself."

Neither could I keep it to myself.

There is something in "Green Pastures" that seems to fit in here. I looked it up in the printed version (Farrar & Rinehart).

GOD: Kin I ask you a question, Hezdrel?

HEZDREL: What is it?

GOD: How is it you is so brave?

I HAVE been saving letters asking for advice on pronunciation of names of present-day authors, until I could find space to print the results in one swoop. The only way of finding space in this section being arbitrarily to make it, I take the letter of *M. C., Downey, California*, to serve as spokesman for all the others, and deliver the following dicta:

Sah-kee is the pen name of the author of the peerless "Chronicles of Clovis" (Viking) and other works that have brought about a Saki cult. Wiliam Bowl-*eye*-tho wrote "Twelve Against the Gods" (Simon & Shuster). D. B. Wyndham-Lewis's name starts off to rhyme with tinned, not with find. Robert Haven Schauffler is Shawffler. P. G. Wodehouse is really Woodhouse, but you can't tell me he would blench at the American version, nor anyone speaking both languages with such fluency. Ernst Glaeser is Glay-ser. Farrar & Rinehart, publishers of Alec Waugh, have sent out a poem in which his name is successively and incorrectly rhymed with go, off, and agog; it concludes:

There's much to be said, if you know him (and how)
For calling him (though it's not right) Mr. Wow.
But this is correct, and the brilliant young au-
Thor who created "Hot Countries" is Waw.

Norton has found it wise to send out a statement that Webster gives "Ultima *Thooley*, a far-off place, hence a remote goal or end." Sarojini Naidu, next in line to Ghandi, whose poems in English ("The Bird of Time" has three volumes in one, with an introduction by Joseph Auslander) is addressed by her publishers as Sah-row-*zhee*-nee Nye-*doo*, without protest on her part—but you never can tell with these passive resistants. But our hallboy, Madho Singh, who is writing poetry on Gandhi and keeps me informed on politics in the Far East, says it is really Sah-*rów*-zhee-nee. Ghandi rhymes with candy. Samuel Pepys called himself Pep-piz, but the modern version is Peeps. Pamela Bianco is Bee-*an*-co; I can't imagine what catch there would be in Nathalia Crane, for which someone asks, unless some Grecian is interested in the quantity of the penultimate vowel of her first name; if so, it is popularly pronounced with the accent on the antepenult, long a.

I have come at last upon the book for which pronunciation-seekers have often asked

(*Continued on next page*)

HER PRIVATES WE

By Private 19022

"It will be remembered when 'All Quiet on the Western Front,' with all its excellences, is forgotten. It is bound to survive as a major document in war literature," says Arnold Bennett of this British private's superb narrative of the war.

"It is safe to assume that it will continue to be read when much that is now discussed is laid in the literary dust bin."—Eugene Lohrke in the *New York Herald Tribune*. $2.50

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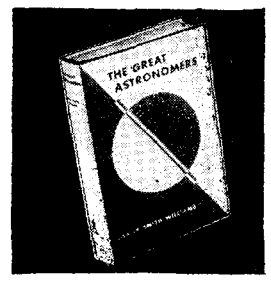

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The Reader's Guide

(*Continued from preceding page*)

me, one with guidance among apparently easy but profoundly delusive proper names of England. This may be found in a little handbook published by A. and C. Black, Soho Square, London, in 1929, "Titles and Forms of Address: A Guide to Their Correct Use." I was looking this through, in a public library, with the somewhat sheepish interest taken by an American in details of how to write to a lord or speak to a member of a royal house, this being a matter which makes most of us feel like a polite Baptist taken to evensong by a High Church friend. Having assured myself that I was now in a position properly to reply to such of the British aristocracy as should ask information from the Reader's Guide, I found nestling at the back of the book a list of "Pronunciations of Proper Names," with so many names of writers that it speaks well for the social standing of literature in the British Isles. Le Queux is Le *Kew*, Bagehot is *Baj*-jut; Helen Beauclerc is *Beau*-clare; Mrs. de Crespigny is De *Krep*-ny and Mrs. De La Pasture is De *Lap*-pature—a name that her daughter has converted for literary use into E. N. Delafield. Arthur Bourchier is *Bow*-cher; Knollys is Noles; Strachey is here given as *Stray*-shy; Baden-Powell is *Bay*-den *Poe*-ell; Powys is Po-is. As many characters in fiction bear famous names we have here authority for calling Jane Eyre, Air. Lavengro is *Lav*-en-gro; Kipling's Youghal is Yawl; "The Cassilis Engagement" is *Kas*-sels; in England Harcourt is Harcurt; Cadogan is Ka-*dug*-gan, and so we reach the hopeless ones like Lim for Lympne—though how anyone could say Lympne at all as it stands is beyond me—and Sapsed for Sawbridgeworth. As a matter of fact you can pronounce that last word as written in this village without causing a riot, just as Drogheda in Ireland has trained its ears to recognize itself under almost any form that the Sassenach may employ instead of something approximated in print as Drawda. The Beaconsfield controversy that simmered in this column some time ago is now officially decided: the town is Beck, the title is Beek. Americans who wondered at Rally for Raleigh in "Journey's End" will find that though this is the more used, Rawley is also given, and that Ralph, which somehow grates on our ears as Rafe, may be called Rahf if that will help.

M. C. D., Columbus, Ohio, asks for books on the care of young babies and little children.

THE classics, Holt and others that will come to the mind of any mother who has brought up one or more than one, will be taken for granted in this list, which gives only a few of those lately issued. However, the new revised edition (fifteenth printing) of Dr. Richard M. Smith's "The Baby's First Two Years" (Houghton Mifflin) gives me a chance to put a famous standby on the list; it is generally recommended by doctors, the arrangebent is such that it may be consulted in a hurry, and every important point is covered; also it is a small book, easy to keep at hand. "Chold Care and Training," by Marion L. Faegre and John E. Anderson of the University of Minnesota, is published by the press of this university; it runs from infancy through the pre-school age and sets a good pattern for later years; the subjects are not only food, exercise and play, but habits of all sorts, emotional as well as eliminative. It has a long book-list, and questions at the end of each brief chapter, useful not only for textbook purposes, but as a personal catechism. I find it very sensible. "Bringing Up Your Child," by Edwina Abbott Cowan and Avis D. Carlson (Duffield) is especially interested in the psychological aspects of the process. "The Growing Boy," by Paul Hanly Furfey (Macmillan), deals with him between six and sixteen, though there is a chapter on the first six years; teachers and camp leaders will find a use for this as well as parents. There is a little book of verses, "Parents Prefer Babies," by Esther Schwartz (Dutton), with amusing drawings, which while quite negligible as poetry puts into words some of the amazement of young mothers at the charm of having a baby to take care of, and into rhyme most of the simple experiences that every young mother has and finds in her case unique.

Just as this list goes to press, a thumping great book comes from Macaulay, "The New Generation," a symposium on the problems of ultra-modern children and parents, by the same editors, Messrs Calverton and Schmalhausen, who gave us "Sex in Civilization," and with an introduction by Bertrand Russell. It stopped all other activity in this department for some hours, and will be found by inquiring parents to hold much dynamite lying around loose, some desperate honesty producing literature, like the contribution of Sherwood Anderson, and whatever else may be said about it, certainly a vast amount of food for thought. The sections are on Parents vs. Children, The Child vs. Civilization, The Family Romance, Potentialities of the Child, and Education and Enlightenment. Old-fashioned parents should keep off; it will be bad for their blood-pressure.

P. W., Beverly Courts, Washington, asks for a good anthology of verse, to use in camp this year.

THERE is a second volume of the most popular of the anthologies for campers, "The Gypsy Trail," by Pauline Goldmark and Mary Hopkins(Doubleday, Doran). It is quite as good as the first one, and has many new poems. While we are on the subject, let me tell clubs planning poetry programs that there is an excellent new book, "Ten Modern Poets," by Rica Brenner (Harcourt, Brace), which, though prepared with the high school age in mind, will be precisely what many older readers have been looking for—a useful blend of biography, criticism, and quotation; the photographs are a feature. "An Approach to Poetry," by Phosphor Mallam (Crowell) is a new "beginner's book" on principles of appreciation.

H. G., Cincinnati, O., asks if there has been published a list of books about the war.

A CRITICAL guide called "War Books" has been lately published in England by Davies for seven and six; it has 750 entries, including histories, personal reminiscences, and fiction, including foreign works as well as English, and significant blank pages for further additions. If this reply is for the use of a club, I suggest getting the new anthology "Armageddon," edited by Eugene Löhrcke (Cape), for in this one large volume will be found so many of the significant works, both of fact and fiction, in selections long enough to get at least the spirit, that it makes a running record not only of the war but of the books produced under its inspiration.

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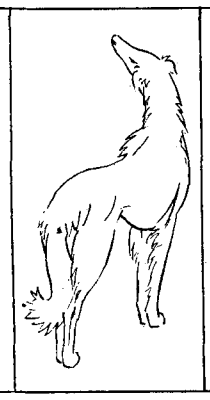

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THE Woolworth-Ford-Gillette idea of comfort 'r' ev'rything for the mass spread like a miasma. The newspapers the other day were full of noise about dollar books, and the inference was fairly clear that we were to have books of all sorts for a dollar. Absurd as this is, it yet has two very real facts back of it.

The history of printing is fundamentally the history of man's successful efforts to communicate thought to the most people in the shortest possible time. Every invention or change in printing has been dictated by the need or fancied need of speed: otherwise the hand printing of the early printers is not only entirely satisfactory, but even definitely better than machine printing. Iron hand press, toggle joint, cylinder power press, type casting machine, rotary press, Fourdrinier paper machine, linotype, monotype, phototype setters—all these were developed simply because it was desirable to print books cheaper and faster. Even the fifteenth century, which saw some eight or nine million volumes issued to the public, could have had no intimation of the forces let loose when Mainz was sacked and the new, pestiferous, benignant art was spread over Germany and Italy and thence over the world.

In a democracy it isn't even true, as it was in New England of an older day, that "every man is as good as another, and some times a damn sight better!" In our industrialized democracy (and democracy had little chance without the machine) every one must conform to a general pattern, and the abnormal is abhorrent. At least that is the way the apostles of democratized, mechanized life talk and act. Hence the five and ten cent store, the Ford car, the morning universal shave, and standardized food products. The dollar books are only another step in the direction of trivial product, manufactured to catch the eye, produce a sale—and then be forgotten or smashed or evaporated. If one believes in production for sale rather than for use, then the dollar books are a blessing. But why stop there? Why not the five cent book, like the popular magazines? The price then becomes merely a sop to Cerberus, and the advertising pays the freight. There's the clue: sell a few pages of advertising front and back in each five cent book. Of course the publisher will have to build up a lot of "quality" atmosphere—advertising jargon about "class appeal" and "the book you love to read" and "you just know she reads 'em" and what not—but there are any number of people ready—for a price—to tell the publisher how to do it. The fact is, there are any number of advertising counsellors who have been thirsting for years to get at this publishing game, and show the mossbacks how to sell books. All they ask is merely to say what the book shall look like, how it shall be written, and where it shall be sold. And this idea of distribution through cigar stands, drug stores, five-and-ten cent stores, etc., must seem to them like the dawning of common sense! Books are to be racketed in a manner to put Haldeman-Julius to shame!

The trouble with our values today is that we haven't any. We confuse quantity and quality. We wanted mass production, and we have it—monotonous, deadly dull, cheap. But mass production will be with us for some time, and the way out may be this: to provide in some way (and I confess that that "way" is difficult) a clearer demarcation between the merely useful, necessary book, and the other sort. Now the condition of the book trade is evidence that the output of books is not a result of demand. In fact demand plays a relatively small part in all modern manufacturing programs. A very great part of the annual output of books is due to the conceit of authors, another large part to the prevalent interest in trade and business, which urges publishers to issue books far in excess of the necessities. The whole situation is absurd—consider the usual procedure of a publisher who sees to it that he has a "proper" proportion of books of verse, for instance, not because someone has written some good poetry, but because his list must be "balanced!"

The implication is that the modern American ideal of "business" is at fault. The implication seems to me correct. Production for sale, the ideal and goal of all the busy manufacturers, is fundamentally unsound and immoral. It results in cheap product, ephemeral literature, five-and-ten trash. What will help the book business is production for *use*, the sound basis of all productive life. To suggest that our civilization, offering balm to everyone with a nickle to spend, is a tarnished culture, is upsetting to those who believe in the quantitative theory of life, but no one who likes good work need be disturbed.

And this liking for good work is what interests me as a critic of printing and as a producer of printing.

But we brought forth and reared in hours
Of change, alarm, surprise,—
What shelter to grow ripe is ours?
What leisure to grow wise?

The incessant production of books, each good or pretty good, or fair enough, gets one no where. What might be is a situation where the necessary books could be printed in the most economical format possible, and distributed at cost, with profit to no one—and this would not necessitate such grotesque manipulations as forty per cent discounts and what not to insure distribution! Then the worth while books, the books which have a purpose, could be given more careful, leisurely treatment, be finely printed. The whole idea of printing or publishing for profit is of course illogical and indefensible. The laborer is worthy of his hire, and should be paid, but profit, as such, cannot be defended successfully except on the most sordid of grounds.

If it can be brought about that we have a clear demarcation between books of necessity and fine printed books it may not be the ideal (which is that anything worth doing is worth doing well) but it may help to solve the puzzle of present-day book production and selling. We need canons of taste and of manufacture: we need to take printing (as well as all creative activities) out of the profit monger's hands: we need to make books for use as a result of demand on the part of the customer or an overpowering urge to say something worth saying on the part of the author. Then, having radically cut down the number of volumes to be issued, print the worth while ones in thoroughly good ways, taking time for them, and, eliminating the outrageous costs of distribution, let the return accrue to those who actively make the book. R.

In the hot controversy that has been waging over dollar books many men have had many minds. Mr. Rollins has presented his personal view above.

Auction Sales Calendar

Samuel T. Freeman & Company, Philadelphia. June 16th: Books from the libraries of the late Edward R. Wood, Jr., and the late Clara M. Dahlstrom. These include: Jacob Abbott's "Beechnut: a Franconia Sport," New York, 1850; Thomas Bailey Aldrich's "Queen of Sheba," Boston, 1877; Audubon's "Birds of America," 7 volumes, Philadelphia, 1840-1844; "Poor Richard, Improved; . . . . for the year 1754," Philadelphia, 1754; Milton's "Paradise Lost," second edition, London, 1750; and library sets of all the standard authors, Balzac, the Brontës, Bulwer-Lytton, Will Carleton, Mark Twain (the edition brought out in 1922 by Gabriel Wells, with the author's signature authenticated by Albert Bigelow Paine, "This fly-leaf was signed by Mark Twain in 1906, in anticipation of the present Definitive Edition of this work"), George Eliot, Hawthorne, Bret Harte, Victor Hugo, Longfellow, the Encyclopedia Britannica, the Library of Valuable Knowledge (in 25 volumes), Charles Reade, Ruskin, Shakespeare, Stevenson, Agnes Strickland, Tennyson, Thoreau, and Daniel Webster.

Stan V. Henkels, Philadelphia. June

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17th: the Library of an Old Philadelphian. "These books were assembled by the Gentleman who built the first Railroads for Imperial Russia, and incidentally took J. A. McN. Whistler's Father there as Engineer" —seldom is so much biographical information presented on the front cover of a catalogue. The more interesting books are: a collection of Almanacs, published at Baltimore from 1803 to 1820, Carver's "Travels," London, 1778; Mark Twain's "Roughing It," Hartford, 1872, with presentation binding; James Coom's "An Account of the voyages," London, 1773; Philip Freneau's "Poems," Philadelphia, 1786; Louis Hennepin's "A New Discovery of a vast country in America," London, 1698; Oliver Wendell Holmes's "Address delivered at the annual meeting of the Boston Microscopical Society," Cambridge, 1877; Joseph Harrison's own copy of his "The Locomotive Engine," Philadelphia, 1872; "The Book of Mormon," Palmyra, 1830; Tarleton's "History of the campaigns of 1780-1781 in the Southern Provinces of North America," London, 1787; J. Q. Thornton's "Oregon and California in 1848," New York, 1849; 161 volumes of the Bohn editions of various titles; Ruskin's "Stones of Venice," London, 1851; and Lew Wallace's "Ben-Hur," New York, 1880, with the dedication, "To the Wife of My Youth."

G. M. T.

WE printed in these columns some time ago a long article on the Vollbehr collection and the advantages that would accrue to the country which possesses it. The article was read into the Congressional Record. The bill (H. R. 12696) to provide for the purchase of the Vollbehr collection of Incunabula for the Library of Congress for $1,500,000, was reported to the House, June 4, without recommendation.

"Dr. Otto Vollbehr of Berlin, Germany, now in this country," the report states, "will sell to the Library of Congress his collection of Incunabula, including a Gutenberg Bible, for $1,500,000. It is understood that, if his offer is not accepted before the adjournment of this session of Congress, the collection will be dispersed by sale at auction.

"Widespread interest has been aroused by this opportunity to secure for the Library a noteworthy collection, and there is genuine apprehension lest we let it slip through our fingers. The considerations should be weighed and promptly reached."

The report explains the Gutenberg Bible is one of three surviving which were produced by John Gutenberg between 1450 and 1455, and which books were produced from movable metal type.

The report discussed the contents of the collection, and states: "It is, however, not to be questioned that the chief element in the value that is measured by dollars, is the element of rarity." In this respect, the report adds, the collection is well worth the price asked, since expert opinion bases the value of the Bible alone at $600,000, and conservatively estimates the cost of the Incunabula at $1,000,000. "Purely as an investment it would be above question," the report declares.

The report also states that with the collection in Washington, D. C., it would aid in the development to make that city the center of national culture of the world, and would be a benefit to Amercan scholarship.

The report explains that those who are aroused over the possibility of this collection being placed in the Library are thinking only of advantages. It explains that the Library of Congress was created primarily for the use of Congress, and secondarily for service to scholarship. "To these ends," the report continues, "we are this year appropriating $130,000 for the general purpose of buying books. Should that figure be repeated annually, it would be nearly a dozen years before we had bought books with a total value equal to the amount it is proposed to spend for the Vollbehr collection alone."

There is a palpable need for technical and professional books at the Library, the report states, and questions whether the $1,500,000 could be spent for greater benefit in the purchase of this collection or in the purchase of material of wider scholarly interest and greater practical helpfulness.

"Unless Congress should delegate decision, its Members will find added to their perplexities just such pressure as that which has accompanied this proposal, and it will not always be so meritorious as in this instance," the report says.

"In view, then, of the fact that this purchase, by reason of its magnitude, would embark us on an essentially new policy, with limitless possibilities, your Committee feels the full responsibility should be that of the House itself. So it follows the course, rare but not lacking in parliamentary precedent, of reporting the accompanying bill to the House without recommendations."

The discovery was recently announced of an illuminated manuscript of the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam of a date so early as to prove conclusively that it was the East and not the West which produced the first illuminated copy of the poem.

The find was made known by Professor Mahfazul Huy of the Presidency College to members of the Asiatic Society here. The manuscript comprises 206 quatrains and was made in 1505—only forty-six years after the priceless copy in the Bodleian Library in Oxford. It was transcribed by Sultan Ali of Mushbad and finely illustrated with miniatures which are splendid specimens of the Persian art which flourished under Tamerlane.

The ninth annual student treasure exhibit of Princeton University was held a short time ago in the treasure room of the university library under the direction of George M. Peck. The exhibition includes illuminated manuscripts, first editions and many books of a recent date in rare bindings.

The earliest pieces in the exhibition were in a group of Italian vellum manuscripts of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, which were used as church choir books.

Also there was an annotated edition of Horace, printed in Paris in 1511, with commentaries by John Petit. Another interesting piece was the "Pseudodoxia Epidemica" of Dr. Thomas Brown, which was published in London in 1646.

A copy of "Our Mutual Friend," by Charles Dickens, with the original illustrations by Marcus Stone, was also shown in the exhibit.

Bernard Shaw now admits the authorship of the article on "Fabianism" which was published in the new edition of "Chambers's Encyclopædia" two years ago. That article, together with another on "Socialism," also published in the new "Chambers's Encyclopædia," has been reprinted by the Fabian Society and issued as a tract.

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SOME mothers, we understand, are crooning to themselves, in regard to the New Humanism, "I didn't raise my boy to be a high-brow!" . . .

The *International Poetry Magazine* is published at Newport, Kentucky. Its editor certainly writes remarkable letters. The magazine is published by the International Writers' League. A letter recently addressed to a prominent American poet started off:

Dear Fellow-poet:—Because I have heard such nice things about your verse and have read same and think it fine, etc., etc.

Other gems of phraseology in this frontal attack included: "You owe it to yourself to become better known in the Literary World," "Millions of dollars are spent every day for publicity; then why not the Poet be brought to HUMAN'S attention?" "I suggest that you begin taking orders for your books from Libraries and the Public at $2 a book deliverable when same comes from press," "I trust you will decide to put yourself OVER BIG," "For your own selfish, personal sake, for the sake of good literature, you cannot afford to miss this opportunity," and, oh crowning gem, "It is a partnership undertaking, each partner chipping in his bit. If you are an Arrived Writer, you must not be egotistical and selfish. You owe it to others to contribute to this greatest of literary undertakings." . . . Oh yeah? . . .

Oh dear, oh dear, for *this* great forest monarchs crash to earth, as you might say, —that attempt be made that Poet be brought to HUMAN'S attention. It really *is* such an effort to go on living in the face of such things as this. . . .

It really is. And the weather is too hot. And do Poets like to be brought to HUMAN'S attention,—tell us that! Seem to us Poet rather like velly well stay by self in abhuman state. Mebbe Human no likee Poet when see. . . .

Illiteracy, illiteracy, verily, verily thy name is Legion. Selah. . . .

We made a mistake when we said that *Alice Stone Blackwell's* "Lucy Stone: Pioneer of Woman's Rights" will be published by the Houghton Mifflin Company in the autumn. As a matter of fact, the volume will be published by Little, Brown & Company on September 26th, price three simoleons. . . .

William Seward and *Anthony Salmon* announce the establishment of a publishing house called Huntington Press, Incorporated, to be devoted to the publication of fine books of special interest, in both limited and unlimited editions. Mr. Seward was formerly Director of the Department of Limited Editions of Doubleday, Doran & Company. Mr. Salmon is a book collector, and for the past four years has made a special study of fine book publishing. The address of the Huntington Press is 205 East 42nd Street. . . .

The Big Type Library, of 207 West 25th Street, is about to reprint the world's greatest literature in pamphlet form, in a type of unusually large size. Each volume will cost ten cents. One title will be released each week. They will be made by the William Bradford Press. The books will average only sixty-four pages to a volume. What you get, therefore, is simply a taste of some great writer, a story by *de Maupassant*, an excerpt from *Lewis Carroll*, an essay by *Lamb*, and so on. . . .

The Hawthornden Prize of five hundred dollars was recently awarded to "The Stricken Deer," a biography of *William Cowper*, by *Lord David Cecil*. This prize is given annually for the best piece of imaginative prose or verse by a British author under forty-one years old. Lord David Cecil is the twenty-eight-year-old son of the present Marquess of Salisbury and a nephew of Viscount Cecil. His book is published over here by the Bobbs-Merrill Company. . . .

"Towards Equilibrium," *Polly Chase Boyden's* latest book of verse, recently published by Covici, Friede, has been chosen by the Poetry Clan as one of the six best books of poetry of the year. . . .

Owen Wister's reminiscences of *Roosevelt* will shortly be put out in book-form by the Macmillan Company. Harvard, the West, politics, the Great War, a plethora of anecdote. It is an interesting book, even if we never can agree with either Roosevelt's or Wister's attitude toward Wilson. . . .

G. F. Lahey, S.J., is the author of a life of *Gerard Manley Hopkins* which will be published in July by the Oxford University Press. The same firm publishes "The Poems of Gerard Manley Hopkins" and a limited edition of an early poem of Father Hopkins's "A Vision of the Mermaids." . . .

A new poem by *Edwin Arlington Robinson* is announced by Macmillan for the Fall. Its title is "The Glory of the Nightingales," the story being of the hatred of a man named Malory for a man named Nightingale. . . .

Which reminds us that an inscribed first edition of this same poet's "The Children of the Night," 1897, is now selling for one hundred and fifty dollars. . . .

We were much shocked to hear of the death of *William Bolitho*. He was one of the most universally liked Britishers, albeit a South African, who ever came to the United States, and his brilliant super-reporting in the columns of the *New York World* set a new standard in journalism. He was also one of the most interesting conversationalists of our day. . . .

Herbert McAneny writes us on behalf of the Century Company that the children's book, "The White Cave," which we mentioned recently, was written by *William O. Stoddard*, is still in print, and sells for a dollar seventy-five. . . .

Vincent Starrett has been delving into the origins of Mother Goose, and the Apellicon Press of Glen Rock, Pennsylvania, has brought out a brochure of his concerning that immortal lady. Her name was *Elizabeth Foster*; she was the daughter of William and Ann Foster of Charleston, and was born on April 5, 1665. . . .

The Saturday Review recently stated that "in rhyming . . . Massachusetts, Texas, Virginia, Mississippi, Connecticut are almost hopeless." *Louis Untermeyer* doesn't think so and has very kindly sent in this gratis rejoinder:

No hope for a rhymed Massachusetts?
The deuce! It's
The state where a metrical crew sits!
As for Connecticut,
It's governed by rhythm and etiquette.
No Fra Lippo Lippi
Could paint Mississippi.
And although Virginia
May falter to win ya,
Imagine the rhyming reflexes
Of all the sexes
In Texas!

We borrow from one of the Contributing Editors of the *Review* a letter he received awhile ago, because we think it contains a rather amusing idea:

Haven't you ever felt the need of a chuckle-point in written English? Could not something be devised similar to the interrogation point and the exclamation point to indicate the inflection intended by the author? A smile inclosed in a circle or a one-stroke character based on that idea might serve. Think of the misunderstandings that might be avoided if a chuckle-point followed a remark that was meant as a joke, that some reader might take seriously—why, it might even avert wars!

Dale Warren of Houghton Mifflin discourses to us concerning *Doris Peel* who wrote a rather unusual novel several years ago, "Children of the Wind." She was then nineteen, and in spite of enthusiastic reviews maintained her poise. She went ahead with her next novel, which Houghton Mifflin will publish in the Fall under the title of "Five in a Parade." A short story of hers will also appear in the next "American Caravan." . . .

Now what we should really like to do would be to find a swimming-pool and stay in it the rest of the evening. We aren't allowed to talk about dollar books, or we could do that. We can't find another single scrap of book news around this place. We want our dinner. We want to go to the seaside. We want to go to sleep. We want to reach the end of this column. These are the dog-days. They must be. We want to go home. . . .

Well, if that doesn't fill it, someone will have to insert another paragraph. This is the end of the paper, anyway. Aw-waw-oo —we mean, au revoir!

THE PHŒNICIAN.

The AMEN CORNER

At a time when some publishers are reducing the prices of some of their books and talking about it in the practised style of a circus barker, it is reassuring to know that there remain houses like Oxford University Press[1] who, without any ado, continue to publish their whole list of books at reasonable prices. Oxford, with its old traditions of fine and honest work and the usefulness and excellence of its books, has always maintained a minimum price standard for its books. *The Oxford Standard Authors Series* includes nearly one hundred titles like *Chaucer* (complete), *Keats* (complete), *Shelley* (complete), *Poe* (complete), the only complete English translation of *Montaigne's Essays*, etc., etc., in beautiful blue and gold bindings, that sell at $1.50 a volume! It offers *Shakespeare*, the Complete Works, (1360 pages!) for $2.25.

* * *

The World's Classics[2] (pocket size), attractively bound and using good paper and clear type, offer over 375 titles, like *Moby Dick, The Koran, The Amber Witch, Anna Karenina, Walden, Golden Treasury, Cellini's Memoirs*, etc., at 80c a volume!

* * *

And there are a number of other series like the *Oxford Miscellany*,[3] *Medieval Library*,[4] etc., etc., that include, at modest prices, a veritable treasure of English masterpieces and interesting foreign translations. The prices of these hundreds of books are very low because the books are popular enough to warrant huge editions. On the other hand, Oxford has such exquisite items as Craig's new *Production*,[5] a magnificent piece of book making, with many beautiful color plates, the edition limited to 500 copies, which sells at $65. a copy. But such a book is for a select few who collect valuable books on the theatre. The twenty-volume *Oxford English Dictionary* (which cost over $2,000,000. to produce) sells at $500. a set and up, according to the binding. But the two children of the *Oxford English Dictionary* are published for popular use in the form of the *Concise Oxford Dictionary*[6] ($3.50) for desk use, and the handy size *Pocket Oxford Dictionary* ($2.00). Sir Thomas W. Arnold's *Painting in Islam* sells at $30. a copy; and collectors and art connoisseurs buy such a book because they recognize its authenticity and its magnificent manufacture.

* * *

Dollar Duffs and *Cheap Chances* no longer lure us, but we cannot resist such downright prizes as Grierson's *Poems of Donne* ($2.50), Robert Bridges's *Testament of Beauty*[7] ($3.50), Rostovtzeff's *History of the Ancient World*[8] (2 vols., $13.), *Concise Dictionary of National Biography* ($7.00), *Ten Greek Plays* ($3.50), Berenson's *Italian Painters* ($4.50) and books of their ilk.

* * *

And, speaking of the economy of Oxford books (since we must buy books, though we be ever so literally broke), we must mention those unique bindings designed by Mr. Douglas Cockerell for gift editions of worthwhile books[9]—books that the bride will proudly display among her wedding gifts. They are bound in quarter tooled leather, Cockerell handcolored paper boards, and are attractively boxed. They are not only colorful but beautiful (see *Saturday Review of Literature* of May 24th, in which on page 1081 Mr. G. M. Troxell, The Compleat Collector, passes judgment on these distinguished "party dresses").

If you wish to brush up in your languages, before or as you go away, and are fed up with the inanities of many small Foreign-English vocabularies which are too small for even a small outing, you will do well to read the *Oxford Books of Verse* in *French, German, Spanish, Italian, Russian, and Greek*.[10] These anthologies contain old and new verse and much that is descriptive of the native land. Auf Wiedersehen!

—THE OXONIAN.

(1) 114 5th Ave., N. Y. C. Send for attractive list of titles. (2) Sixty volumes of Travel, Fiction, Essay, Poetry, Biography, each at $1.25. (3) Twenty-eight volumes, illustrated with reproductions of Medieval illuminations; at $1.85 to $2.75. (4) Autographed edition, $90.00 a copy. (5) Blue cloth, $3.50; uniform with and boxed with Fowler's *Modern English Usage*, $10.00—a useful gift. (7) *Oxford Book of English Verse, American Verse, Victorian Verse, Eighteenth Century Verse, Regency Verse, English Mystical Verse*, each $8.50; *Poems of Keats, Shelley, Wordsworth, Tennyson, John Donne*, each $7.50; Boswell's *Johnson*, 2 vols., $15.00; Montaigne's *Essays*, 2 vols. in one, $10.00. These bindings come in wine red, green, fawn and orange brown. (8) Each volume in blue cloth, thick paper, $3.75; most of them in India paper, $4.25.

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